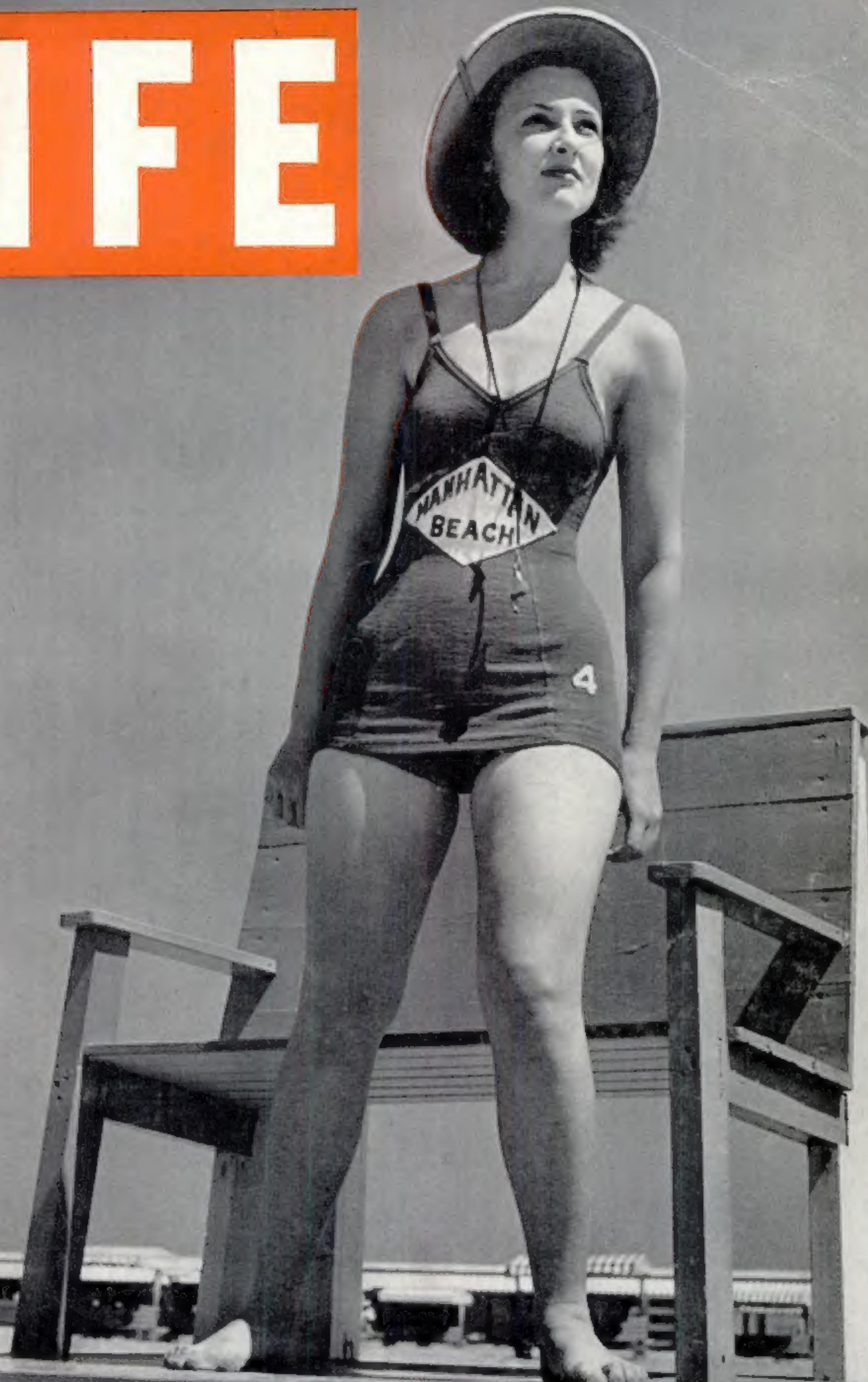


LIFE



KEEP CLEAR
GIRL LIFEGUARD

KEEP CLEAR

JULY 29, 1940

10 CENTS

SHEAFFER'S SKYBOY

THE AIRPLANE SPECIAL

for yourself!
for a gift!



LADY SKYBOY Lifetime Feathertouch Ensemble, \$2.25
Other Ladies' Ensembles, \$2.50 to \$27.75

SHEAFFERS



SKYBOY Lifetime Feathertouch Ensemble, \$14.00
Other Ensembles, \$3.95 to \$19.75

● Here's news for all who travel and all who write. SKYBOY has been especially developed for the hardest of pen ordeals—aviation use. It self-adjusts to extremes in atmospheric pressures and temperatures. If it will write a pilot's log all through his flight, it is bound to perform dependably in ordinary use. Try this sleek beauty today—note how SKYBOY combines the smooth two-way writing of the Feathertouch point, which has platinum in the pen point slit, with the new patented Flo-Rite feed. Note that it has Skrip visibility, warning when to refill, and a quick one-stroke filler. It is a Sheaffer *Lifetime*, marked by the White Dot signifying the guarantee-for-life, symbol of highest quality. Every SKYBOY has the name on the pen. Look for it. Mated with a permanently sharp Fineline pencil, it's the writing achievement of the year!

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FORT MADISON, IA., Toronto, Ont.

*All LIFETIME pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner—except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.

SHEAFFER PENS FOR ALL PURPOSES

—\$2.75 to \$20

*Other companies can guarantee their pens for life—some do—but only Sheaffer pens can carry the trade-mark "Lifetime."

Unless it's SHEAFFER'S it isn't a *Lifetime**—Know the Pen by the White Dot

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

JULY'S THE MONTH TO TRADE AND

**ENJOY
YOURSELF!**



Trade in your present car and start your vacation with a car that's 100% "right." Forget your worries about tires, brakes, clutch, or costly overhauls! Get set for a wonderful summer—get a new Plymouth today!

THE STREET YOU LIVE on leads to a hundred and one interesting places to go—wonderful spots for vacation trips, week-ends, or just a picnic meal.

Let yourself go! Swap your old-car troubles now for a fun-loving 1940 Plymouth!

You'll find this new Plymouth's a grand traveling companion. Deep-cushioned seats 51 inches wide give you easy-chair comfort . . . and you ride luxuriously on soft-acting Amola Steel coil springs (standard on all models).

Plymouth's mighty Superfinished engine

sweeps you along, swift and silent as the wind, with the smoothness of Floating Power engine mountings. And you'll like the velvet power of double-action hydraulic brakes.

Plymouth's 117-inch wheelbase is the longest of "All 3" low-priced cars—4 inches longer than one, 5 inches longer than the other. In fact, Plymouth is the one *low-priced* car most like the *high-priced* cars! Trade today—and have the time of your life! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

Tune in Major Bowes, C. B. S., Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.
See the New Low-Priced 1940 Plymouth Commercial Cars!

SEE MORE—do more—this summer.
Enjoy yourself in a new Plymouth.



► To get a better used car, see your Plymouth dealer. He is offering wide selections of high-grade used cars at attractive prices. Your opportunity to make an exceptional buy!



*Have a
Grand Time!*

Have a grand time with a beautiful new Plymouth. Your present car will probably cover a large portion of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.

GET A GOOD JULY
TRADE-IN ON A

New PLYMOUTH

Copyrighted material



Blazing Sun and Soaking Showers

ARE BAD NEWS FOR YOUR HAIR!



Scorching sun parches hair... makes it dry and lifeless.



Water increases harm, washes away remaining scalp oils.



Protect your hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

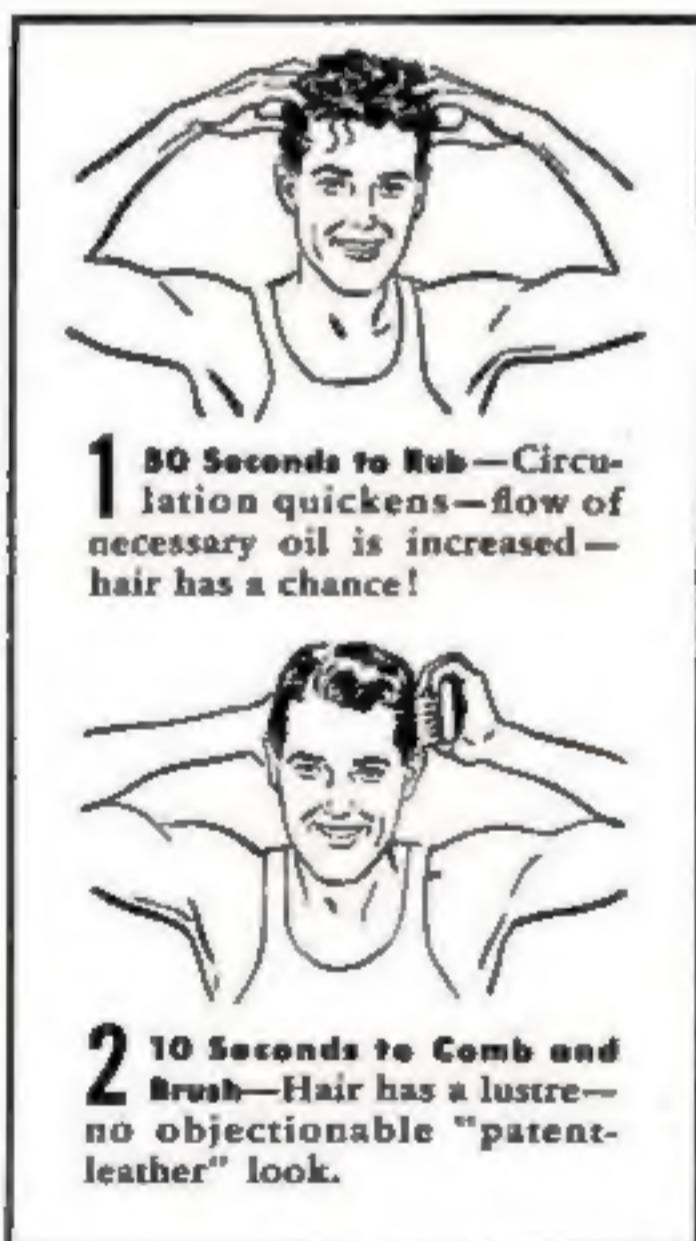
THERE'S nothing like a day at the shore for good health—high spirits! But what a punishing ordeal for your hair! The burning sun parches your hair, makes it brittle, lifeless! Soaking water adds to the damage by washing away remaining scalp oils!

So play safe—use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout". Massage your scalp with it. Feel the pleasant tingle as circulation awakens. Your parched scalp welcomes Vitalis—your brittle hair gains new lustre, new richness. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis aid your scalp by supplementing the natural oils. Your hair is easy to comb—has a rich lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis today. Start now to protect your hair against summer's blazing sun and soaking water with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout".

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary, individual Seal tubes. Next time you go to the barber's insist on Vitalis Seal tubes.



VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

American Independence

Sir:

So the plucky farmers put up a losing fight at Concord in 1775? That's what your article on American Independence (LIFE, July 8) says but have you forgotten Longfellow's *Paul Revere's Ride*? You know the rest. In the books you have read,

How the British Regulars fired and fled, — How the farmers gave them ball for ball, From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,

Chasing the red-coats down the lane, Then crossing the fields to emerge again Under the trees at the turn of the road, And only pausing to fire and load.

Losing fight, my eye!

RICHARD F. LUFKIN
West Medford, Mass.

● In a military sense Concord was a victory for the British, but it certainly was not the country picnic they had expected. Starting from Boston, they marched to Concord and there accomplished their mission by destroying military supplies. At Lexington, Concord Bridge and all the way back to Boston, however, they were so harried by the guerrilla tactics of the American militia that they lost 300 of their 800 men. By day's end the American farmers had proved themselves a match for the best of the British regulars, had indeed "fired the shot heard round the world." —ED.

Sir:

Being the fifth great-grandson of Colonel Ethan Allen I wish to commend your article on him in LIFE.

EUMONT ETHAN ALLEN
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sir:

The caption on Fort Ticonderoga skips blithely over one of the most remarkable bits of historical devotion and reconstruction in our American saga.

The original Fort Ticonderoga, built by Montcalm, finished off by the British, captured by Ethan Allen, recaptured by Burgoyne's advance guard, was burned to the ground when its British defenders retreated to Canada after Saratoga.

The ruins and surrounding lands were donated jointly to Columbia and Union Colleges early in the 19th Century and within a few years were sold to William F. Pell, scion of the royalist Pell family of Westchester, lords of the Manor of Pelham.

Succeeding generations of Pells have used their own fortunes to rebuild Ticonderoga as it was in 1775. The family still has its own summer place on the point of land below the fort. The 50c admission goes into the Pell building fund, inasmuch as the job is not yet finished. The Pells themselves are experts in "North Country" lore and were, I believe, of great service to Kenneth Roberts while

Dear Sir: First time today friends show me in LIFE mag. from May 13 picture of German, like you all him, Fifth Col., with police band. That is my cousin Izak Tamraz; he always go to Norway for business and sport like a honest German man. He is in the German army reserve so when war come he get order report for military duty immediat and no time for change uniform. So you wrong to meet a honest soldier and patriot. You expect American socialist to do the same, no? Friend tol me you always insult the German. Your time come to!!! Osla Tamraz

A.Y.

LETTER RECEIVED FROM COUSIN OF NAZI FIFTH COLUMNIST

(continued on p. 4)

Do you see a Girl?
No. I see a Beautiful Lady of the Future.
What makes her a Beautiful Lady?
Her Lovely Smile.
Why is her Smile so Lovely?
Perhaps because she started young to use Ipana and Massage!



Guard your smile! Don't risk "Pink Tooth Brush"! Let Ipana and Massage help make your gums firmer, your teeth more sparkling!

TODAY even in the primary grades, thousands of children who don't know Nantucket from Nebraska, have already mastered a lesson that will stand them in good stead all of their lives. For they have learned to give their gums, as well as their teeth, the regular care that is so important in modern dental hygiene.

These children know—far better than their parents—the importance of gum massage to strong, healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth. They know that today's soft foods deprive the gums of healthful chewing, needed stimulation. Then, as often happens, gums tend to become flabby, sensitive... flash a warning tinge of "pink."



Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush shows "pink"—see your dentist! It may not mean serious trouble—but he is the one to decide. He

may say, perhaps, that yours is another case of lazy gums—gums in need of more exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums. When you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that pleasant "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It is evidence that you're stimulating circulation and so helping make gums firmer, stronger.

Get an economical tube of Ipana today. Start now with Ipana and massage for healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more attractive smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

This One



Cars, too, Sunburn

SIMONIZ NEEDED TO PROTECT FINISH!

Why let your car's beauty smolder away in the hot sun? You can easily save the finish with Simoniz. It not only keeps the sun's rays but also weather and dirt from bleaching, dulling, and destroying the lacquer or enamel. All the wear is on the Simoniz so the finish underneath, always safe, stays beautiful. If your car is dull, first use the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. It thoroughly cleans the finish, restoring the lustre and color. Then, each application of Simoniz builds up more beauty... and makes the finish last longer. Play safe and Simoniz now!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Try New Way to Simoniz!

Always insist on these famous products for your car. Sold at hardware, drug, grocery, and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages everywhere.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

Collapse of France

Sirs:

In your article "France Collapsed from Internal Decay" (LIFE, July 8), I feel that your correspondent has done what so many journalists feel it their right to do: draw conclusions from individual observations unchecked by the observations of others. That French politicians in the last ten years have been hopelessly bad is absolutely true and no Frenchman will deny it. I speak with the knowledge of one who comes from a French family, still in France, once connected with the French Government. What one must not forget is that when France was governed by forceful men, such as Poincaré, the Anglo-Saxon world could not find terms of criticism strong enough to describe them—they were imperialistic, militaristic, cruel, revengeful, unco-operative. When on the contrary such weak figures as Briand and Blum came into power both England and America were full of praise for the liberalism of France.

The French were perfectly contented as a people not to be powerful. I have never known one of my countrymen to have a lust for power. What the Frenchman wants is to be left in peace. He is by nature "against the government" and always thinks it is bad no matter what it is. In the past ten years, though it has been somewhat worse than usual, the average Frenchman has not paid much attention. That of course is a fault in time of crisis but most Frenchmen hoped and prayed that the crisis would pass and that that bugbear, *la guerre*, would never occur again. There arose a very genuine movement for a *rapprochement* between France and Germany.

The letters I have received from France in the last few weeks are not those of a decayed people, but those of people who have lost their illusions. They have not "forgotten how to work," as Mr. Paine puts it, but have been working with all their might. My mother, a woman now in her seventies, wrote when I begged her to come to this country: "Don't think of that for one instant. I have work here to do and so long as I can be useful in taking care of refugees I shall stay." My sister, working in Paris in a soldier's canteen until 2 every morning, wrote in the same manner. Neither had forgotten how to work. And they are typical of thousands.

Cars that arrived in the Dordogne carrying dead children killed during the evacuation from the North were the kind of thing that shook the morale of the civilian population much more than any general decay. This is the time when the French people need the understanding and sympathy of the world.

SIMONE BRANGIER BOAS
Baldwin, Md.

Portuguese Humor

• The following letter was received from Bill Calhoun, LIFE correspondent temporarily located in Lisbon.—ED.

Sirs:

The following series of stories sound like the kind that suddenly appear all over the world. These are the best invented by the Portuguese, who claim they always invent the best stories concerning world happenings.

In each Italian parachute plane there are 20 men: one pilot, one co-pilot, one radio operator, one mechanic, one parachutist and 15 men to push him out.

In the German parachute planes the parachutists are all called smartly to attention when the plane is over the designated area. The commander shouts "Heil Hitler!" and before the men can reply the bottom of the plane is pulled out and they fall out.

The English parachutists are called to attention and told the time has come

EVERYBODY NEEDS VITAMINS IN THE SUMMER



DON'T DEPEND ON THE SUN
It provides only Vitamin D. Your system needs all the vitamins all year 'round. So take VITAMINS Plus—to be sure.

WHEN YOU eat less in summer, your vitamin intake is generally lowered. But because you exercise more, you need additional vitamins. It's a fact that you can't have a super-summer if you're lacking important life-giving vitamins. Vitality, nerves, appetite, hair, skin and eyes, are all affected by them. Yet millions of people who can afford the best in food still lack vitamins. So take no chances. Supplement your diet daily with VITAMINS Plus—to be sure.

Contains High Unitage Vitamin B

VITAMINS Plus contains Vitamins A, B, C, D and G—plus liver concentrate and iron. So easy to take... only 5 seconds a day. At fine drug and department stores.



72 capsules \$2.75
36 capsules \$1.50 • 144 capsules \$5.00

VITAMINS PLUS
—to be sure

370 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY



Hires
R.J.
ROOT-BEER
WITH REAL ROOT JUICES
THE CHARLES E. Hires COMPANY
PA.

12 OZS.

(continued on p. 6)

"Let me tell you how I chose my second refrigerator!"

All refrigerators looked alike to the newly-weds. "Give us the low-down, Aunt Florence," they said. "Why did you replace yours with the one that freezes with **NO MOVING PARTS?**"



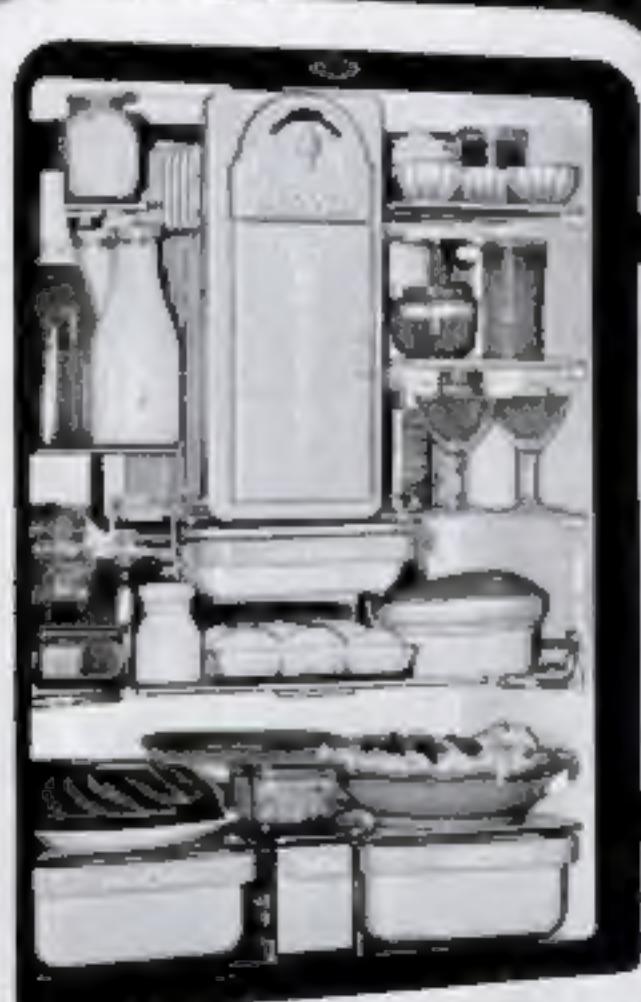
1 "You can't afford to make a mistake," cautions Aunt Florence. "And there's no need to, either. Not if you use your ears as well as your eyes when you choose your new refrigerator. That's what I did this time . . . and picked the Gas Refrigerator."



2 "You never hear a thing . . . just listen! Silent, isn't it? And I can tell you—as one who's had experience—that's reason enough to buy a Servel Electrolux. But there's another reason, too . . . and quite as important. No noise means there's nothing to wear!"

3 "A tiny gas flame does the work. Servel hasn't a single moving part in its freezing system. That's why it's always quiet . . . and why it's *one* refrigerator you can depend on to stay efficient and economical."

4 "My bills are lower. Look—Servel Electrolux hasn't cost more than a few cents a day to run from the day I bought it. And as far as I can see, it never will. A refrigerator *without* moving, wearing parts has nothing to run up this cost."



The
SERVEL
ELECTROLUX
Gas Refrigerator

5 "We've thanked Aunt Florence ever since! Our new refrigerator's a Servel Electrolux and it's everything she said it was . . . But she forgot to mention one very important thing: Servel Electrolux is *also* just about the most *convenient* refrigerator you ever saw, too!"

**YES! PEOPLE WITH
EXPERIENCE ARE
CHANGING TO SERVEL!**



I wouldn't have anything but a Servel Electrolux this time—even as a gift! I wanted my new refrigerator to be noiseless. And I knew the only way to get one that was always silent was to get a gas refrigerator.

Mrs. William Ellwood, 4520 Woolworth Avenue, Omaha, Neb.



After our experience with another kind of refrigerator, Servel Electrolux was the only one for us. We're certainly pleased with the way it does its work without noise and at low cost.

Thomas McCubbin, 2367 N. Alvarado Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

**Whether it's your second . . . or your first
... be wise to values, too!**

Get all the facts—Ask these questions when you buy . . . You'll find that only with Servel is the answer "YES" to every one:

1. Will it be permanently silent?
2. Will it give us longest service?
3. Will it save us money year after year?
4. Has it every worthwhile convenience?
5. Are we assured of dependable service?
6. Can we—right now—afford it?

If you look at one refrigerator, look at Servel—if you look at more than one, look at Servel to see the difference!

Important IF YOU LIVE BEYOND THE MAINS, THERE ARE MODELS TO RUN

**ALSO ON BOTTLED GAS,
TANK GAS OR KEROSENE**

Write for details to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind.



JOE PENNER
FEATURED IN
"THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE"
A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE



"Bicycling is back" ... and in the last four years, four million men and women, boys and girls have rediscovered the good fun in this favorite American pastime! With new and sparkling streamlined models available for each member of the family, why don't you join the fun? Buy a bike! Start riding today!

CYCLE TRADES OF AMERICA, Inc.
Cham Building, New York City

Keep Trim—Keep Slim—Keep Cycling!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

for them to drop out. One of the parachutists raises his hand and says "Objection." He is recognized and asks: "Is the House of Commons in agreement on this matter?" A flurry of checking through papers follows and finally it is confirmed that the House of Commons is in agreement. Again the men are ready to jump when another man shouts "Objection. Is the House of Lords in agreement on this matter?" Paper checking follows during which time the plane gets far off its course but at the final word that the House of Lords is in agreement the parachutists shout "The King!" and leap.

French parachutists ordered to leap from their plane discover at the last minute that they have no parachutes and being rational individuals they land the plane, go to the nearest cafe and sit around all night arguing about the matter.

Spanish parachutists ordered to leap promptly refuse and start a revolution. In the midst of their quarreling the commander accuses them of being afraid to leap. To prove he is wrong the Spaniards thereupon discard their parachutes and jump out of the plane without them.

Haven't heard American version yet.
FILL CALHOUN
Lisbon

Antarctic Expedition

Sirs:

YOUR ARTICLE PICTURED BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION BEST MOST REALISTIC HAVE EVER SEEN STOP ARTIST CAUGHT SPIRIT AND COLOR IN AMAZING DETAIL STOP PHOTOS AND EXPLANATIONS CLEAR CONCISE APPEALS GREATLY TO ONE FAMILIAR WITH THAT COUNTRY STOP ADMIRAL BYRD HAS QUIETLY CARRIED OUT ONE MORE HAZARDOUS UNDERTAKING WHICH SHOULD REBOUND GREATLY TO HIS CREDIT

LIEUT. COMMANDER G. O. NOVILLE
Los Angeles, Calif.

• A close friend of Admiral Byrd, Lieutenant Commander Noville went on the 1926 expedition to the North Pole and was a member of the crew of the *America* when it flew across the Atlantic. He was also executive officer of the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition.—ED.

Sirs:
I remember when Rear Admiral Byrd was making preparations for the Antarctic Expedition he was wildly ridiculed by many pencil-pushing, chair-warming, back-seat critics. Your article accompanied by splendid photographs, paintings and maps on the expedition has completely disproved their so-called theories, comments or what have you.

JON HANSON

Albany, Calif.

Sirs:
I thought the history of the flagship *Bear* might be of interest to you. The *Bear* was built in Greenock, Scotland in 1875 for the U. S. Navy. In 1885 after special timbers were built in to permit ice service, the ship was transferred to the U. S. Revenue Service. My grandfather Commander Oscar C. Hamlet took the *Bear* around the Horn and made many trips to Alaska with her.

In 1928 the *Bear* was retired by the U. S. Coast Guard (successor to the U. S. R. C. S.). It was then tied up at the Oakland estuary to be used as a museum.

However, Admiral Byrd rehabilitated the old *Bear* and today she is little changed in appearance.

KATHARINE BOOLE LEGGE
Berkeley, Calif.

SALE

75¢ value

ALL 3 FOR 49¢

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE



One thing I'm not soft-hearted about is fleas — and that goes for the Mistress too! One scratch and she's all attention. Two scratches and I get a bath with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap. Down the drain they go — SKIP-FLEA really kills 'em!



A third scratch is rare, because we follow up the bath with borated SKIP-FLEA Powder — it soothes the old bites and kills the new fleas! Get wise — get both SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder! At all drug and pet stores. And ask for the free new Sergeant's DOG BOOK — or mail this coupon.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

FREE

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 3-GA, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

The summer drink
that's safe
and sound!



• Here's one you can drink to your heart's content and be safe—grapefruit juice, that delicious Florida canned grapefruit juice with the distinctive tangy flavor. It's good for you, too—in a dozen different ways. That's why it's fast becoming America's favorite "cooler." Buy from your grocer.

FLORIDA CANNED GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

IF YOU WANT
to subscribe to LIFE, write to
P. I. PRENTICE, Circulation Manager
LIFE—330 East 22nd Street
Chicago, Illinois
AND ENCLOSE \$4.50

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

A Special Shave Cream—It's
Not a Soap, Needs No Brush!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition Williams, for 100 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. With no soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

FREE—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-15, Glastonbury, Conn.

Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only

LIFE'S PICTURES



Bernard Hoffman, shown focusing his camera in Lisbon's Black Horse Square, spent five weeks in Portugal taking the essay on pages 65-75. He traveled over every part of the little country and liked almost everything except the automobile chauffeurs, who drive along narrow, winding roads at break-neck speed. Hoffman found the Portuguese the most obliging and hospitable people he has ever worked with. If he had not been too busy he could have accepted invitations for lunch and dinner every day. Dr. Celestino Soares, who had just returned from an official mission to the U. S., traveled over the country with him and the Propaganda Ministry gave him an amount of co-operation unheard of now in most European countries.

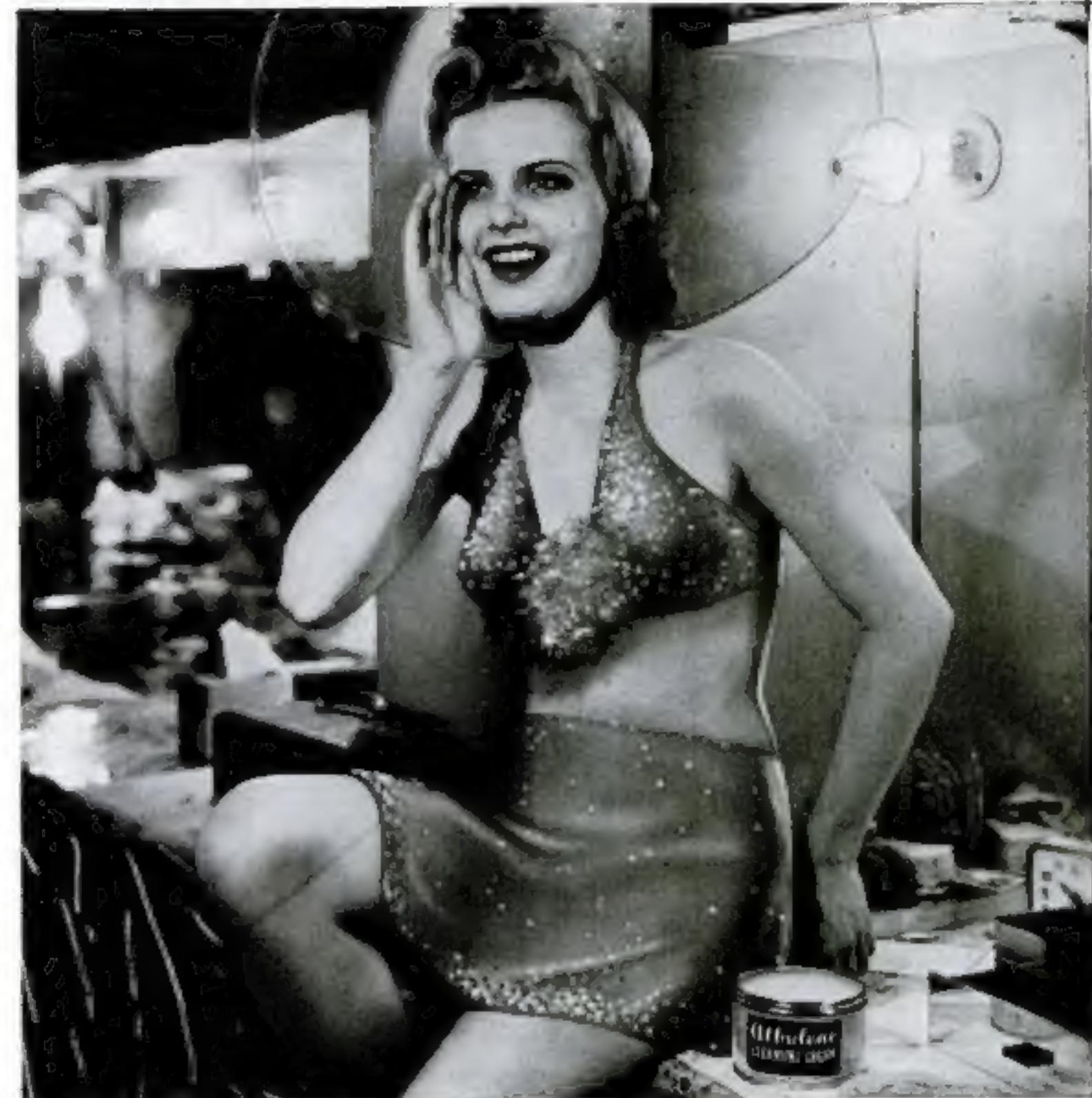
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15—W. W.
16 & 17—JOHN PHILLIPS
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ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; CEN., CENTER; ERIC, EXCEPT; INT., INTERNAL; EUR., EUROPEAN; INT., INTERNATIONAL NEWS; P. L., PICTURES INC.; W. W., WIDE WORLD

"IT'S A CLEAN LIFE!"

JEAN WALLACE, lovely dancer of the Earl Carroll Theatre Restaurant in Hollywood, says that actresses are extra careful about cleansing.



"Don't you worry about my skin getting dull from all this make-up. Sure, I use lots. But knowing how to cleanse—and I mean cleanse—is part of an actress's business. Look, there's even this special professional cleansing cream—Albolene."



"Take a look at Albolene Cleansing Cream in action. It spreads without massage. And feels just like liquid silk—soft and soothing. When I wipe Albolene Cleansing Cream off, my skin feels so grand and clean—soft, too."



"Save your sympathy for the millions of girls who use cosmetics but aren't half as particular about removing it as stage people are. Or better—urge them to use Albolene Cleansing Cream—and you can say I said so!"



"Hey . . . Albolene is
MY Beauty Secret!"



Try a "PROFESSIONAL" Cleansing Cream





"Look"

A lady changes her mind:



1. "Watch me pitch into this beer, Mary! Padding against these experts has given me a Grade A thirst. But why the different type can? Has living up here at the lake changed your ideas about beer cans?"



4. "No bother about returns or deposits, either. These Cap Sealed cans are easy to open, and you can drink from a clean, cap-protected surface. Now do you see why I've shifted over to the Cap-Sealed can?"

CONTINENTAL

what's coming!...

Right! Beer and ale the way we like it . . .

in those easy-to-open CAP-SEALED CANS!"



2. "You can sail right in, John. That's why you picked this cottage on the lake—and that's why I picked this beer can! No hunting up a special opener; Cap-Sealed cans open with any opener."



3. "It's always cool weather if you keep beer or ale on hand. And cans chill *faster*. That's a help when people drop in. And look how much we get in by stacking the cans on their side this way!"



5. "Here's a toast to the can that was made for beer—the Cap-Sealed can! P.S. There's a quart Cap-Sealed can, too. A big, economical 32-oz. size. Try it the next time you have guests!"

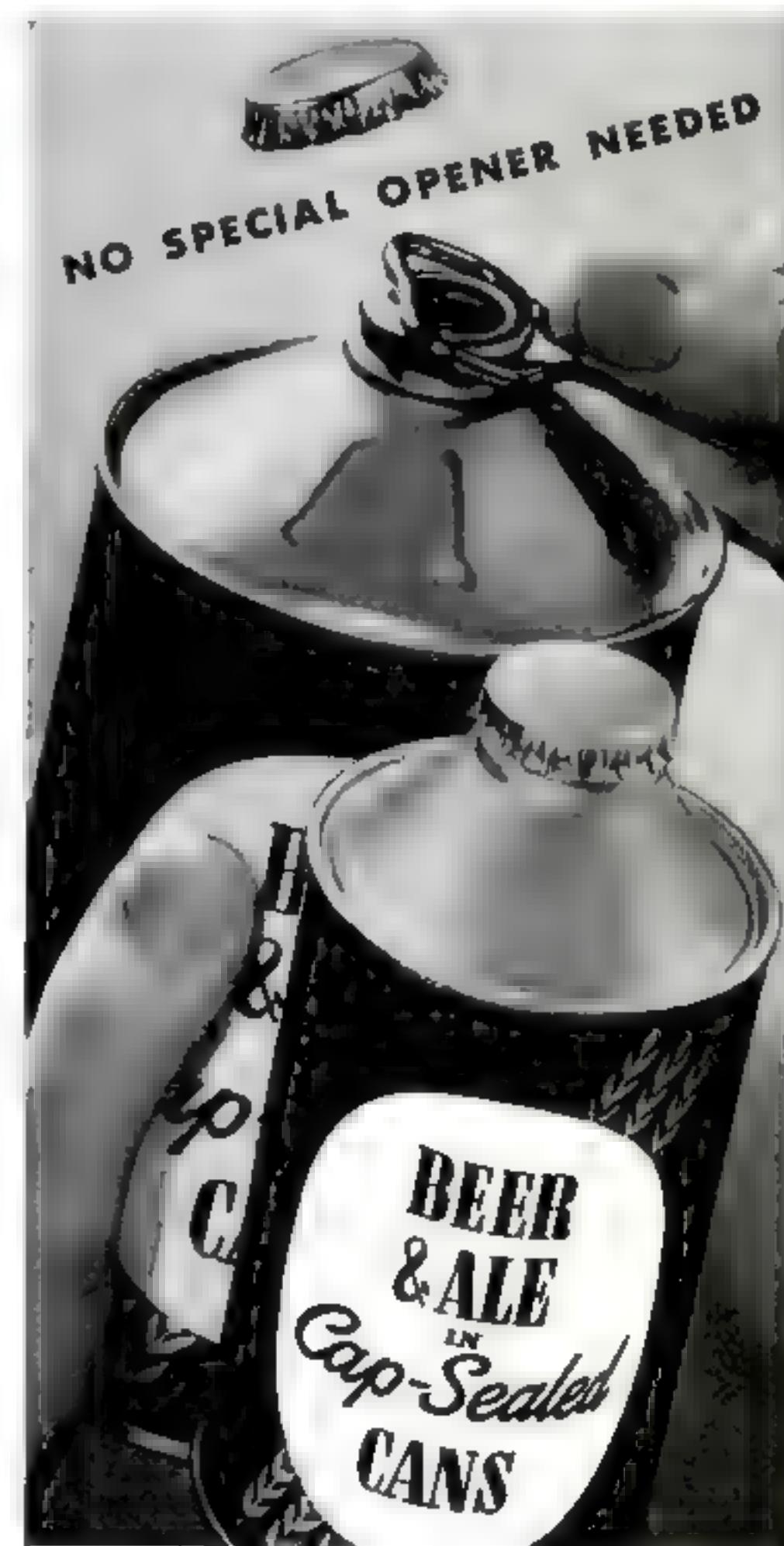
Three ways to make your summer more enjoyable

Serve beer—it's a cool and wholesome summer drink for you and your guests. No need to spend time in the kitchen "mixing 'em up." Beer is always ready, always welcome.

Serve beer in cans—you'll find it chills *faster* in cans. When unexpected guests drop in, just put a few extra cans in the ice box. They'll chill in a jiffy.

Serve beer in CAP-SEALED cans—because that's the can that requires no special opener. It opens with any ordinary opener. And you drink from a clean, cap-protected surface.

Cap-Sealed
© 1954 American Can Co.



CAN COMPANY New York • Chicago • San Francisco

TWO CONVENIENT SIZES: Regular 12-oz. can and a big quart can (32 oz.).

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

... THIS IS A CATALOG OF 1940 PRIVATE PLANES



The latest types of private planes assembled on the flying field of the Aviation Country Club at Hicksville, L. I. on June 30 for the club's fourth annual private Demonstration Air Meet.



Cessna, twin-engined five-place, with a cruising speed of about 175 m.p.h. and costs \$28,000 when fully equipped. A year's upkeep on a private plane varies from \$1,000 to \$20,000.



Bellanca Cruisair, four-place, with a cruising speed of 120 m.p.h. and a cruising range of about 420 mi., is priced at around \$4,000. Publisher Bernard MacFadden owns one like this.

Of America's 29,897 private pilots, 160 belong to the Aviation Country Club at Hicksville, Long Island (left), oldest and swankiest flying club in the land. A serious pioneering venture, it is setting a pattern for the country club of the future. Opened in 1929, the club has a well-kept flying field, a hangar, flying instructors, an operations' room, an attractive clubhouse, tennis court and swimming pool. Members include Lindbergh and Howard Hughes, bankers and socialites, aviation executives and inventors. In an atmosphere as informal as that of a golf and tennis country club, members fly in on a business or social visit, have a swim and a drink, stay on for dinner and fly off again for a weekend in Maine or a director's meeting in Chicago. As casually as commuters catching the 8:15 train, Long Island members step into their waiting planes each morning and fly to their New York offices.

An annual club highlight is the Demonstration Air Meet, when manufacturers of private planes are asked to demonstrate their latest models. Shown on these pages is a catalog of 15 of the latest models exhibited at the aviation club before members and their guests on June 30.



Grumman Amphibian G-21, twin-engined six-place, has a cruising speed of 205 m.p.h. and a cruising range of 800 mi. It costs \$41,000. Marshall Field, Harry S. Morgan each own one.



Spartan Executive, five-place, with a cruising speed of 200 m.p.h. and a cruising range of 1,000 mi., costs \$29,500 when fully equipped. Felix du Pont Jr. of Wilmington has one.



New Howard, five-place, with a cruising speed of 165 m.p.h. and a cruising range of 1,100 mi., is priced at \$15,000 when fully equipped. Film Star Wallace Beery owns one like this.



Ercoupe, two-place, with a cruising speed of 105 m.p.h., cruising range of 350 mi., costs \$2,645 with standard equipment. It is spin-proof, has only two controls and no rudder pedals.



Beechcraft, five-place, with a cruising range of about 750 mi. and costs from \$13,980 up. Robert G. Payne and Luis de Flores of the Aviation Country Club possess Beechcrafts.



Culver Cadet, the first commercial plane to use plastic fuselage, is two-place with a cruising range of about 650 mi. It costs \$2,905 and has been in production for about one month.



Taylorcraft Deluxe Model, two-place, with a cruising speed of 98 m.p.h. and a cruising range of about 250 mi., costs \$1,901 when equipped. Speed Pilot Roscoe Turner owns one.



Waco Model S, five-place, with a cruising speed of 135 m.p.h. and a cruising range of 830 mi., costs approximately \$7,500. Many owners employ professional pilots for their planes.



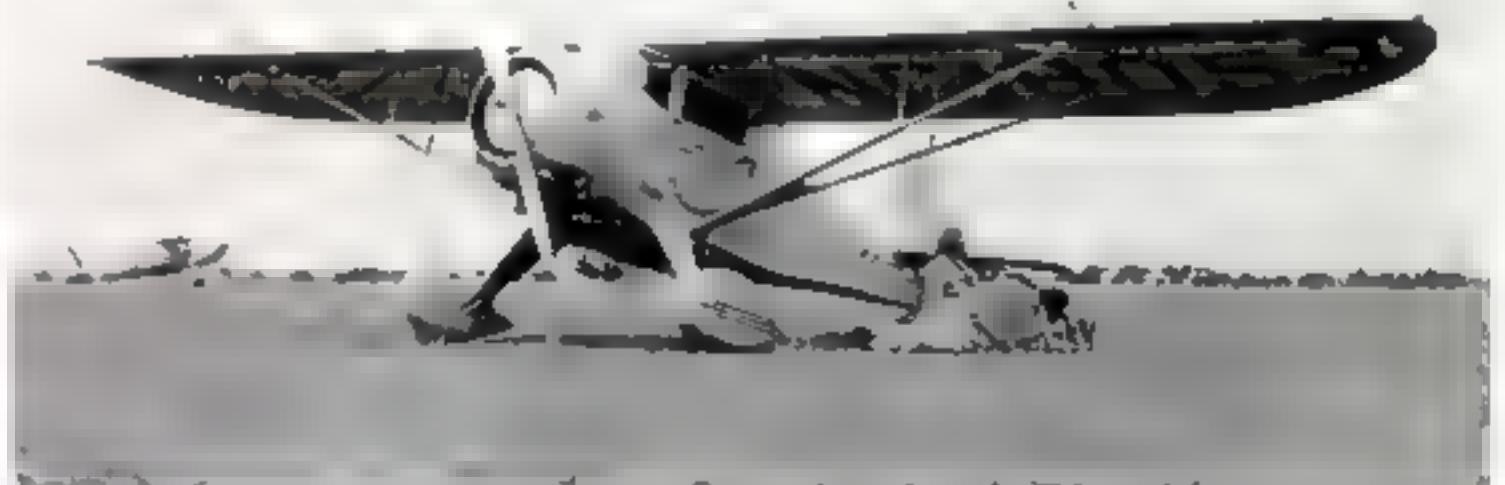
Luscombe Silvair, two-place, with a cruising speed of 110 m.p.h. and a range of 350 mi., sells for \$2,785 with standard equipment. It is only all-metal plane in the light-plane field.



Piper Cub Trainer, two-place, with a cruising speed of 85 m.p.h. and a cruising range of 900 mi., costs \$1,295. Of the 9,000 light planes sold in the U. S. in 1939, 1,750 were Pipers.



Warner-powered Fairchild "24," with a cruising speed of 122 m.p.h. and a cruising range of 720 mi., costs approximately \$6,000. William K. Vanderbilt and Grover Loening each owns one.



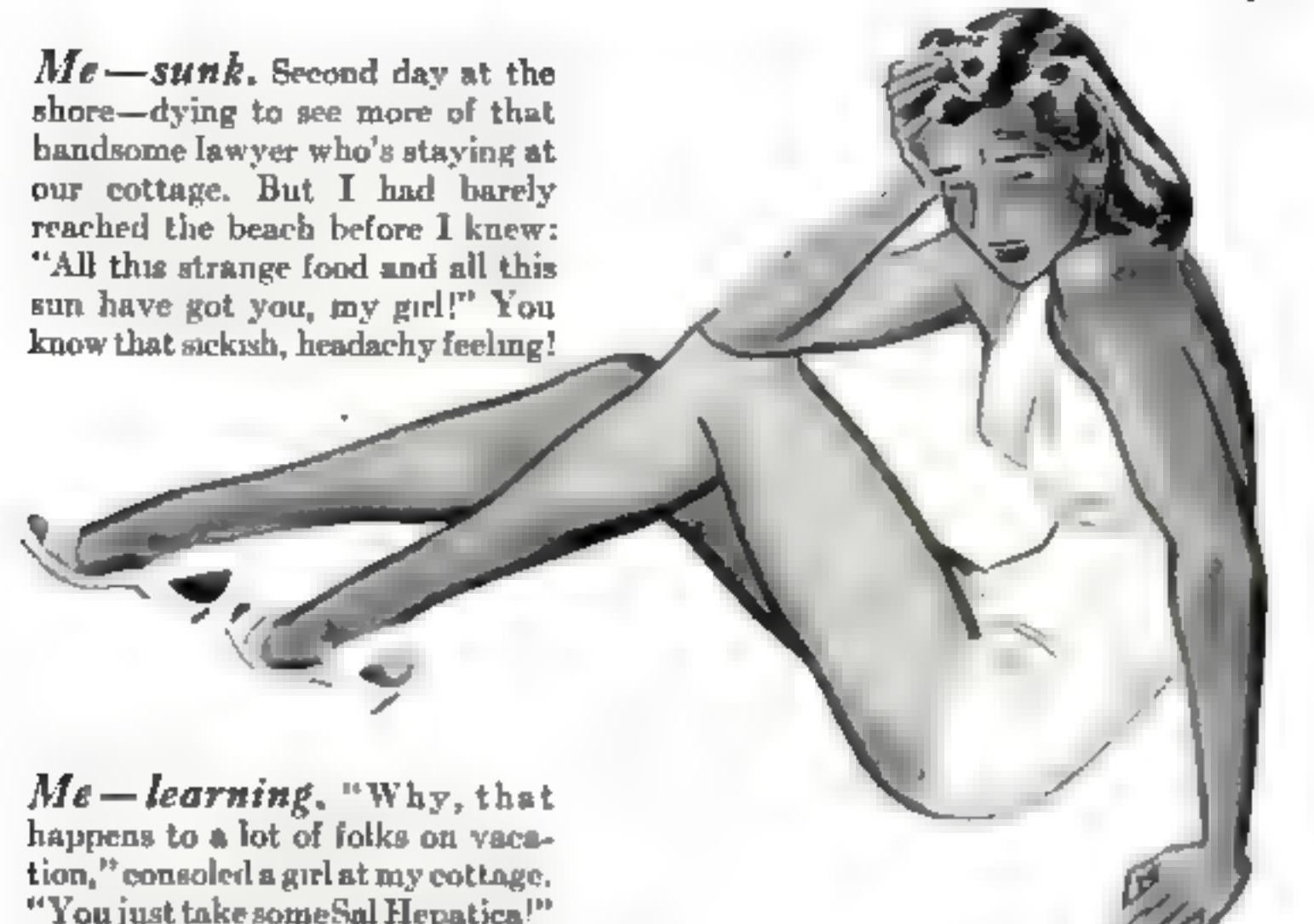
Monocoupe, two-place, with normal cruising range of 600 mi., sells for \$3,375. It holds Los Angeles-New York nonstop record for light planes, having spanned U. S. in 23 hrs., 26 min.



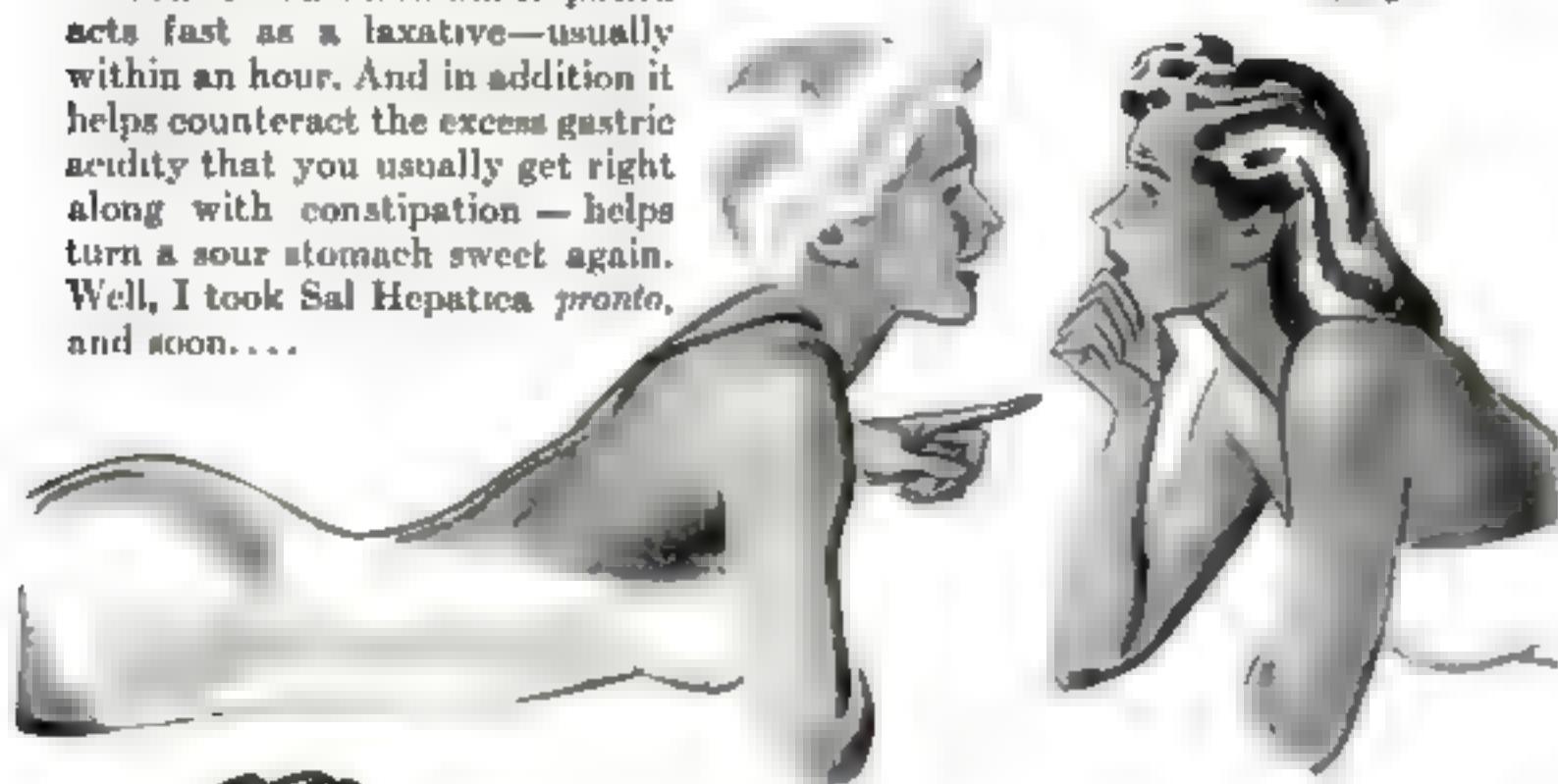
Stinson 105, three-place, with a cruising speed of 109 m.p.h. and range on one tank of gas of 400 mi., sells above \$8,000 with equipment. Robert Straus, New York City Councilman, has one.

Me—I discovered something

Me—sunk. Second day at the shore—dying to see more of that handsome lawyer who's staying at our cottage. But I had barely reached the beach before I knew: "All this strange food and all this sun have got you, my girl!" You know that sickish, headache feeling!



Me—learning. "Why, that happens to a lot of folks on vacation," consoled a girl at my cottage. "You just take some Sal Hepatica!" And she told me how Sal Hepatica acts fast as a laxative—usually within an hour. And in addition it helps counteract the excess gastric acidity that you usually get right along with constipation—helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Well, I took Sal Hepatica pronto, and soon....



Me—amazed. Head clearing. Pep returning. I marveled. And as said lawyer and I romped off down the beach before a whole porchful of craning necks, I thought, "What a come-back! From now on I'm traveling with Sal Hepatica in my suitcase." Who knows? Maybe I'll be packing for a honeymoon soon.



SAL HEPATICA

for a faster come-back

TUNE IN! Abbott and Costello—laughs, music—Wed. at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



On day of demonstrations club members and guests lunched on lawn before club house. Half of club members own their own planes, a third live outside of New York.



Luis de Florez, aviation inventor and club's vice president, first flew in 1912.



Rear Admiral John Towers, Naval Aeronautics Bureau, is an honorary member.



Robert G. Payne, president, weekends in New Brunswick, Canada, by plane.



Thomas Hitchcock commutes to Wall St. and goes to his polo games by plane.



A TWA transport plane took up 75 youngsters for their first flight on Demonstration Day. The club regularly employs three instructors to give lessons in flying.

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LIFE'S COVER. From 9 in the morning until 9 at night, any day in the week, 20-year-old Shirley Wunderlich can be found at Manhattan Beach. Some of that time she frolics, plays basketball or suns her already berry-brown body. Rest of the time she is busy with the more serious business of being a girl lifeguard. Shirley, in fact, is rather a serious girl. She has just finished her third year at New York University, wants to go to a dramatic school in the fall and hopes to have an illustrious career in the theater. For more girl lifeguards, see pages 31-34.

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How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



Barbara: Who are you to say I haven't any *pep appeal*!
Auntie: Dear! Dear! A little job for me.



Auntie: Good morning, children. Did I hear some one mention PEP? I was just thinking how delicious a bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP would taste for breakfast. And, you know, it's rich in two important vitamins. Vitamins for pep! Let's have some!



Auntie: Yes, my dears, there would be no pep in any of us—no what you call "oomph"—without vitamins. We need them all. And that delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is extra rich in two of the most important ones—vitamins B₁ and D.

Bob: Saay! This PEP tastes swell!



Barbara: Now that we've learned about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become your "pep appeal" girl.

Bob: Seems to me you have already!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/3 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT 1940 BY KELLOGG COMPANY

A SIGN OF "GOOD EATING"...



Philadelphia, Pa.: Visitors to Philadelphia's Centennial Exhibition in 1876 knew the fame of Bookbinder's restaurant—flocked there for heaping plates of lobster, Lynhaven oysters and juicy steaks. Today, after 65 years, Old Bookbinder's is still a landmark on Walnut Street—a magnet for gourmets from all over America. Familiar as the big bowl of oyster crackers on every table, are those popular condiments—

Heinz Tomato Ketchup and Chili Sauce. Folks who enjoy sea food at its best have found no substitute for the rich, "fresh-tomato" flavor of these zestful sauces—to season their favorite dishes. Over the years, so many patrons have asked for Heinz Ketchup and Chili Sauce by name, that Bookbinder's long ago placed these keystone-labeled bottles close at hand—for liberal and frequent helpings.



Atlanta, Ga.: "Cold cuts in a cool grill" are the order of the day when temperatures soar in the South. Guests of Atlanta's popular Ansley Hotel enjoy both with the appetizing assistance of a ruddy bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup. In demand, too, with hot-weather diners is Heinz 57 Beefsteak Sauce, a tangy sauce that adds extra zest to meats, fish or rarebits.



LIKE "a red sky at night," the big red bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup on a restaurant table, is a promise of good things to come. It's a sure sign of "good eating;" for restaurant owners who pride themselves on the excellence of their food are certain to insist on condiments of the highest quality. Heinz Ketchup has rich, home-tasting flavor because it's made the old-fashioned way from specially grown, red-ripe tomatoes, rare spices, pure cane sugar, and Heinz aged-in-wood vinegar. Ask for it at your favorite restaurant—and just place a bottle on the home table and watch it go the rounds!

WHEN YOU ATTEND the New York World's Fair, R. J. Heinz Co. cordially invites you to visit the beautiful Heinz Dome.



Hollywood, Cal.: "Dining place of the Stars." Hollywood Brown Derby restaurant gathers the celebrities of stage and screen—to see and be seen. Here, as at the ~~the~~ ~~missaries~~ on the movie lots, Heinz Tomato Ketchup makes the simplest food taste delicious—gives color and appetite-appeal to meals. Motion picture stars had that Heinz famous condiments give new interest to even the simplest diets.



New Orleans, La.: Rendezvous at Mardi Gras, and popular the year 'round is the Fountain Terrace of Hotel Roosevelt. Here where authentic Southern cooking reaches new heights of perfection, expert chefs devise sauces of rare piquancy. But no sauce, these chefs will tell you, is more in demand than Heinz Tomato Ketchup—a ketchup so renowned for richness and flavor that it is always served here with the label on!



New York City: To Broadway's sporting and theatrical fraternity, the Brass Rail at 7th Avenue and 49th Street is known as a "swell place to eat." After the show or a boxing match at the Garden, folks gather to enjoy good food in congenial surroundings. And when ketchup or chili sauce is called for, only Heinz is considered good enough to match the high standard of the food.



THOMAS D. GARRY, CHICAGO SUPERINTENDENT OF SEWERS, SHOWS HOW HE STAMPED DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION WITH CRIES FOR ROOSEVELT FROM THE STADIUM CELLAR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ANSWERS A CALL TO RUN FOR A THIRD TERM

"I am just an ordinary lug who loves the game of politics," said Tom Garry. "Put it down that my heart and soul is in my work and that I think Ed Kelly and Pat Nash are two of the greatest political figures in American history. They're the greatest humanitarians in the world. They're the nuts!"

Unknown to fame until the night of July 16, Thomas D. ("for Democrat," he says) Garry has been in politics a long time. One of 13 children of a Chicago alderman, he started ringing doorbells for his father at 12. After grammar school he got a job as rodman in the city's Sanitary District, quit that to become a bricklayer. But bricklaying did not divert him from rendering loyal service to the local Democratic machine and three years ago he was rewarded with the \$6,000-a-year job of Chicago's

Superintendent of Sewers. To this trusty henchman, on the historic night of July 16, Mayor Kelly delegated the job of stampeding the Democratic National Convention for the renomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Down in the bowels of the Chicago Stadium sat the Superintendent of Sewers as Chairman Barkley, bellowing his permanent chairman's address, made reference to "our great President, Franklin D. Roosevelt." Instantly Tom Garry lifted his mouth to a microphone of the Stadium's regular public-address system, separate from the one specially installed by the Democrats, and cried three magic words. Out through the vast hall, out through the radios of the land, they roared: "WE WANT ROOSEVELT."

The galleries, packed with the Kelly-Nash faithful, took up the cry. Delegates seized their State standards and plunged out into the aisles shouting too. But over all the babel boomed The Voice from the catacombs: "NEW JERSEY WANTS ROOSEVELT! MICHIGAN HAS 206 VOTES FOR ROOSEVELT! THE PARTY WANTS ROOSEVELT! MAYOR KELLY WANTS ROOSEVELT! THE WHOLE WORLD NEEDS ROOSEVELT!"

Thus it was that Franklin Roosevelt, sitting by a White House radio, heard the call which helped impel him to forsake the tradition of 144 years of American history and accept nomination for a third term as President. Said Tom Garry next day: "Hell, no, I didn't get hoarse. I did it all natural."

NEW DEAL REFORMERS AND CITY BOSSES ENGINEERED THE THIRD-TERM "DRAFT"

Few subjects have been more thoroughly discussed and argued in advance than the Third Term. Yet many an observer who had thought he was completely reconciled to the idea of a Third Term try came away from the Chicago Convention last week shocked and sick at heart in the face of the accomplished fact.

There was much to make him so. The convention itself was an unhappy show, its tawdry synthetic enthusiasm well refreshed by the performance of the Chicago Superintendent of Sewers. Entirely aside from their feeling for Franklin Roosevelt, no amount of shouting and trilling could hide the delegates' uneasy sense of guilt at violating a great democratic tradition in the present crisis of democracy. The shabby pretense that this was a genuine draft of an unwilling candidate, against the plain evidence of the President's long silence and his acceptance of his closest associates' strenuous efforts in his behalf, fooled nobody. The cynical, end-justifies-the-means alliance of New Deal reformers with self-seeking city bosses to engineer the "draft" (see picture at right) left an exceedingly sour taste. These were the things that made men fervently thankful that America still has a two-party system, which made the President's staunch columnist friend, Ray Clapper, write bitterly: "Something has gone out of American life this week. At least I have lost something. It was faith in President Roosevelt."

Apologists tried hard to make out a case for the Third Term, and there was undeniably one to be made. A great many citizens still admire and trust Mr. Roosevelt, and sincerely believe that his experienced leadership is indispensable to the nation in its present crisis. No other Democrat had emerged to impress the nation with his qualifications for national leadership (though whether one might have emerged if the way had not been blocked by the President's silent candidacy remained a question). But no amount of rationalizing could disguise or demolish the solid fact that at Chicago last week, in a time of world democratic crisis, the greatest democracy treated the world to one of the shoddiest and most hypocritical spectacles in its history.



Harry Hopkins, social worker turned politician and current White House-guest, was Third Term chief in Chicago. Above: at his Hotel Blackstone headquarters, where he kept the President minutely informed of convention progress by direct wire, he confers with Boss Kelly.



This Third Term family party occurred on convention eve, at a banquet tendered by Chicago's Mayor Kelly in the ballroom of the Hotel Blackstone. Proceeding counter-clockwise from the table number, the following persons sit: check by jowl, Host Kelly, boss of the Chicago Kelly-Nash machine which Westbrook Pegler last week called "as full a gang of corruption-



THESE ARE THE "AMERICA NEEDS ROOSEVELT" SIGNS WITH WHICH BOSS KELLY PLAS-

19



ers as ever marked the name of civic decency". Federal Loan Administrator Jesse Jones; Attorney General Robert H. Jackson, whose Department of Justice has cleaned up New Orleans and Kansas City but not Chicago and Jersey City; Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, militant Chicago reformer who in 1938 consulted training for Mayor of Chicago to

clean up Kelly Nash corruption; Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins; Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, nominated for Vice President last week as "a man of unexcelled integrity"; Jersey City's Mayor Frank Hague, boss of New Jersey's notorious Hague machine; bitter C. L. O. Foeman lately denounced by New Dealers as a despiser of civil liberties.



TERED EVERY STORE AND WALL ON CHICAGO'S MADISON STREET, LEADING FROM THE LOOP TO THE CONVENTION, ALL THROUGH JOHN TOUNY'S 27TH WARD

Democrats have fun at "606" Night Club

Trying, amid the general convention apathy and sullenness, to find some Democrats who appeared to be having fun in Mayor Kelly's Chicago, a LIFE photographer went to the famous "606" Club at 606 South Wabash Ave. This establishment, favorite of Western stockmen, features an almost continuous strip tease varied by such displays as that of the anatomically dexterous fat woman at bottom of the page. Top picture shows some Democratic guests posing on the platform with quartet of performers and master of ceremonies. Downtown night clubs all reported excellent business and good tipping as delegates and reporters sought refuge from dull convention.



Chairman Barkley has fun at convention

In 1928, when a "Draft Coolidge" movement was being talked, Alben Barkley of Kentucky was one of 40 Democratic Senators who affirmed by Senate resolution that for any President to accept a third term would be "unwise, unpatriotic and fraught with peril to our free institutions." But much has happened since to change Alben Barkley's mind. In 1937 Presidential pressure got him chosen majority leader of the Senate. In 1938 WPA helped re-elect him. Last week, as chairman of convention, Senator Barkley was openly and loudly pro-Third Term. As State standards passed by him in the demonstration set off by Sewer Superintendent Garry, he happily kissed each one.



HONEST JIM FARLEY BIDS FAREWELL TO POLITICS AS THIRD TERMITES TRIUMPH

A cheer which rang clear and true at the Chicago Convention was that which greeted Jim Farley when, after the first ballot, he stepped out on the rostrum to move that President Roosevelt be nominated "by acclamation." For him, that moment was a double triumph. Opposed by conviction to the Third Term, ignored and shunted aside by the man whom he made President in 1932, his wave of acknowledgment to convention cheers (below) was his farewell to politics. But he knew, by the evidence of those cheers, unfaked and unashamed, that he was going out with the wholehearted admiration and affection of his Party. And he knew, too, that he alone had forced the convention to preserve at least the dem-

ocratic forms, against the efforts of the Third Termites to do away with nominating speeches and balloting, renominate Roosevelt with a Reichstag shout.

Loyal to the end, he pledged his support to the ticket, promised to stay on as national chairman until Aug. 17, helping to initiate his successor. Then, broke and in debt after his years of honest politics, he will begin repairing his personal fortunes as president of the New York Yankees. Acclaimed with some awe by a convention speaker as "a man who always keeps his promises, even when it is difficult to do so," he stood amid the Kelly-Hague-Hopkins machinations of last week as living proof that democratic politics can be honest, straightforward and sincere.



LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Hitler offers peace; Franco bids for Gibraltar; Konoye plays dictator

For one more week the Battle of Britain was postponed while both sides went through the shadow play of a peace offer. First Britain rejected the offer. First Britain rejected the offer.

Said Winston Churchill: "We will defend every village, every town and every city. The vast mass of London itself, fought street by street, could easily devour an entire hostile army and we would rather see London laid in ashes and ruins than that it should be tamely and abjectly enslaved. . . . We shall seek no terms, we shall tolerate

no parley. We may show mercy; we shall ask none." Britain, said Churchill, is arming to take the offensive in 1942.

Five days later in a speech to the Reichstag Hitler made the peace offer, boasting that Germany is being forced to cut down its production of armaments for lack of storage space. He threatened "annihilation" and "nameless suffering" but named no specific terms. "It almost causes me pain," said he, "to think that I should have been selected to deal the final blow [to the British Empire]. It never has been my intention to wage wars. Every year that this war drags on is keeping me away from my work." To compensate his No. 2 man for being likewise kept from his work, Hitler elevated Hermann Göring to the new rank of "Marshal of the Reich," with the privilege of designing a brand-new uniform for himself alone. Twelve generals got Göring's old rank of Field Marshal.

While the two air forces exchanged raids, England and its tireless Prime Minister used every day to prepare for invasion. Having cut down his own sleep quota from six hours to five, Churchill bluntly ordered his top ministers to sleep in their offices, where he could get them quickly if he had an idea. He knocked the children's evacuation plan on the head with a brief comment: no time. He gagged the press

on air-raid casualties, promising only monthly totals. And he shook up the Army High Command. General Sir Edmund Ironside, who is blamed for botching the Norwegian campaign and for slowness of action in France, was kicked upstairs and replaced as Commander-in-Chief of Home Defense by Lieutenant General Sir Alan Francis Brooke, who distinguished himself in the Dunkirk evacuation.

"Gibraltar!" As German soldiers swarmed into Spain, General Franco made his bid for Gibraltar. Spain, he said, is bound by a command in the will of Queen Isabella (1451-1504) to regain Gibraltar and to expand Spanish territory in Africa. Results of the Franco bid were that Spanish students cried "Gibraltar!" in the streets and that British troops began digging a moat across the neck of land, three-quarters of a mile wide, which connects the rock of Gibraltar to Spain.



Brooke

LIFE SURVEY OF OPINION

To find out what America is thinking about the war and defense, LIFE asked the firm of Elmo Roper to conduct a special survey of public opinion. Following the tested methods of the FORTUNE Survey, Mr. Roper's staff interviewed persons in all parts of the country and all walks of life. The answers to the most significant questions appear below.

These answers reveal the emergence of a new majority attitude very different from that of six or even three months ago. The majority are impressed by the danger to the U.S. if Germany wins. They want to defend the entire Western Hemisphere, from Greenland to Cape Horn. They are for compulsory military training by a wide margin and for "arming to the teeth" by an even wider margin.

Copying Germany. Japan was busy setting up a carbon copy of the German political system to replace what is left of the carbon copy democratic system that it adopted 60 years ago. At a prod from the Army, Admiral Yonai resigned as premier and Prince Fumimaro Konoye was induced to accept the job. Even in a nation of imitators, Konoye is called by his critics "not a man but a mirror."

He thinks it a great joke to pull a lock of hair over his forehead, paste on a false mustache and go to a masquerade as Hitler (see picture). But Prince Konoye's descent from a god and his headship of one of the five noblest families in Japan give him by far the greatest prestige of any active Japanese statesman. If Japan's present plans for a "New Structure" succeed, he will be both premier and head of a single national party.



KONOYE AS HITLER

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

On the terrace of the Broadmoor Hotel at Colorado Springs, Wendell Willkie sat by a portable radio and listened to the Democratic Convention. Unlike most listeners, he was not bored, kept up a running comment. After Mayor Kelly's catalog of Democratic virtues: "He didn't miss a thing." Learning that Senator Byrnes had called it an unbalanced convention: "Byrnes sure has a sense of humor." In the dull spots, Willkie went swimming in the hotel pool, visited a farm, shook hands with 300 other guests who disrupted the dining-room service until he did so.

With obvious pleasure Nominee Willkie heard the news that he was going to get his wish to "meet the champ." Said he: "I am not going to tell you of my unselfish sacrifices. I frankly sought the opportunity to run for President."

WHAT THE U. S. THINKS

A PICTURE OF THE U. S. MIND, SUMMER OF 1940

I. "Regardless of what you hope, which side do you think will win the war in Europe, as it looks now?"

GERMANY AND ITALY	56.4%
ALLIES	24.7%
NEITHER	2.3%
DON'T KNOW	16.6%

II. "If Germany and Italy should win the war, do you think the U. S. will be in any kind of danger?"

YES	46.9%
NO	19.6%
DEPENDS	6.4%
DON'T KNOW	7.1%

III. "Do you favor the immediate adoption of compulsory military training for all young men?"

YES	70.7%
NO	22.6%
DON'T KNOW	6.7%

IV. "If Germany and Italy should win the war, which one of these two things comes closer to what you think the U. S. should do?"

a.) Stop spending so much for armaments and try to get along peacefully with them.....	7.6%
b.) Arm to the teeth at any expense to be prepared for any trouble	85.0%
Don't Know	4.4%

V. "For our own good, should we defend South America against invasion by any foreign country?"

This question was also asked about Canada, Mexico and other Central American countries, the West Indies and Greenland, and the following table shows the results:

	South America	Canada	Central Amer.	West Indies	Greenland
YES	88.9%	80.8%	74.7%	65.8%	58.6%
NO	11.7%	7.4%	9.4%	11.0%	15.5%
DEPENDS	6.3%	3.7%	4.9%	4.5%	3.2%
DON'T KNOW	13.1%	8.1%	11.0%	18.7%	20.5%

VI. "If the United States ever got in a predicament such as Belgium, Norway, or Finland was in, and was apparently being beaten, would you prefer (a) Continuing the fight at all costs; (b) Surrendering to prevent further bloodshed and destruction?"

Continue to fight at all costs	54.0%
Surrender to prevent further bloodshed and destruction	33.4%
Don't Know	12.6%

VII. "Taking the world as it is in June 1940, do you feel optimistic or pessimistic about the future of civilization?"

OPTIMISTIC	43.3%
PESSIMISTIC	36.2%
DON'T KNOW	20.5%



Sitting on a lawn at Colorado Springs,

Willkie hears he will "meet the champ"



MEMBERS AND ATTENDANTS OF THE BRITISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT DRILL AS LOCAL DEFENSE VOLUNTEERS TO REPEL GERMAN PARACHUTISTS FROM WESTMINSTER

THE DEFENDERS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE PREPARE FOR ATTACK BY THEIR ENEMIES

Adolf Hitler last week threatened again to destroy the British Empire, although "it almost causes me pain . . . to deal the final blow." Speaking as a victor to the vanquished, he offered one last chance for peace. Britain showed no inclination to accept such a peace. It seemed certain therefore that the terrible weapon of the German Air Force would presently be unleashed on the little island.

Undoubtedly no Englishman ever thought he would see such scenes as those above and below—English Lords and Members of Parliament practicing to shoot Germans who may parachute on the Houses of Parliament, and English children cowering under their desks in fear of German bombs.

The distinguished gentlemen above are from left, front row—Lord Marchwood,

CHILDREN IN A LONDON SCHOOL PRACTICE HIDING UNDER THEIR DESKS IN CASE OF GERMAN BOMBING. THEY ARE STRICTLY INSTRUCTED NOT TO RUN OUT OF THE SCHOOL





CAMERON HIGHLANDERS AND INDIAN TROOPS MARCH PAST THE GREAT PYRAMID ON THE EDGE OF THE LIBYAN DESERT. SCOTSMEN HATE EGYPT'S DRY CLIMATE

Sir Ralph Verney, Charles Harris, Messrs. Adamson, Isaacs and Thurtle, all M.P.'s and at far end Vice-Chamberlain, Sir James Edmondson. As members of the Mother of Parliaments, they come as close as anybody in the world to representing the long, hard won tradition of English-speaking democracy. Hitler may send them a few paratroopers, largely to terrorize. But despite their arm bands as members of the Local Defense Volunteers, Hitler may decide they are civilian *Prisoners of War* and execute them under international law. For under the German military code, war is a privilege reserved for soldiers in regular uniforms.

But Britain has soldiers too. The ones shown here are far from England, waiting for an Italian attack in force on the Suez Canal. Since the British Navy in the

Mediterranean has so far proved itself more than a match for the Italian Navy and Air Force, Italy will have to drive across the waterless Egyptian desert to the Nile, fight up the Nile toward Cairo and Alexandria. Italy will have to do something somewhere in order to make demands, when, as and if Mussolini is down at a victorious peace conference. An attack on Egypt is his likeliest gambit.

To meet him Britain has in Egypt and Palestine about 80,000 Englishmen and Scotsmen, 15,000 Australians, 10,000 New Zealanders and at least 10,000 Indians. It has perhaps 200 planes. Italy has 20,000 white Grenadiers, 70,000 white reservists, 50,000 native troops and about 500 planes, many concentrated in Ethiopia. But the whole Italian Air Force can concentrate on Egypt.

NEW ZEALANDERS KICK UP THE SAND IN THEIR CAMP AT MAADS NEAR CAIRO. MOST OF THE AUSTRALIANS ARE CAMPED IN PALESTINE BECAUSE EGYPTIANS FEAR THEM





AT MANHATTAN'S LEWISOHN STADIUM ON JULY 13, 20,000 PEOPLE FILLED THE SEATS AND STANDING ROOM IN THE COLONNADES TO HEAR AN ALL-GERSHWIN MEMORIAL



New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra played Gershwin program under the baton of Alexander Smallens (left).

Best received were songs from Gershwin's folk opera, *Porgy and Bess*, and his *Rhapsody in Blue*, already a U. S. classic.

U. S. CLASSICS

The crowd of 20,000 people (above) jam-packed Manhattan's Lewisohn Stadium on the evening of July 13 for the sole purpose of hearing the music of the late George Gershwin. The third such concert since the composer's death in 1937, it is symbolic of an exciting discovery that U. S. open-air concertgoers have been making during the last three summers: American music, long regarded the province of the swing improviser, has been coming into its own. At Lewisohn Stadium, at Hollywood Bowl at Massachusetts' Berkshires Festival, away from the static traditions of concert halls, audiences have become familiar with the names of a long-dormant list of native U. S. composers, have responded with enthusiasm to their increasingly impressive works.

Like native writers, painters, poets and sculptors, the major entities today in U. S. culture, the composers have found their vigor and their inspiration in the American scene, its history and its people. In the classic medium of symphony and concerto the outstanding composer is Roy Harris, whose *Third*



PROGRAM. A SIMILAR AUDIENCE FILLED THE STADIUM ON JUNE 25 TO HEAR ANOTHER AMERICAN PROGRAM, WHICH INCLUDED THE PREMIERE OF ROY HARRIS' "CHALLENGE, 1940."

PACK STADIUM

Symphony has been played by all the major city orchestras, will become increasingly familiar through a recent recording. Younger composers have collaborated with poets and amateur choruses to make a new and powerful medium of the classic chorale. Most famous is Earl Robinson's *Ballad for Americans*, now almost a national anthem. Of equal stature are two new cantatas, the Negro composer William Grant Still's *And They Lynched Him on a Tree* and William Schuman's *This Is Our Time*, both of which had their premieres this summer at Lewisohn Stadium.

U. S. composers, unorganized to enforce the loosely written music copyright statutes, cannot yet make a living from their works. Their income from sheet-music sales and concert fees would be scorned by the dues-paying union musician. The five or six hundred composers of serious music survive by teaching, playing, copying scores in publishing offices and writing music by the foot for Hollywood sound tracks. But for the future the most important fact is that their music is being seriously played and heard.



Hero of the evening was Pianist Oscar Levant (right) here congratulated by Ira Gershwin and Conductor Smallens for

his electric performance of Gershwin's *Concerto in F*. Levant as writer has popularized cause of U. S. composers.



McDonnells and Fords smile for a family portrait on grounds of the bride's home at Southampton after wedding. Seated are Mrs. James F. McDonnell and Mrs. Edsel

FORD'S GRANDSON MARRIES ANNE



Two great U. S. industrial fortunes were joined in Southampton, Long Island, on July 13 at the wedding of Henry Ford II, grandson of Henry Ford, and Anne McDonnell, granddaughter of the late Thomas E. Murray, inventor and a utilities tycoon. Present were 750 spectators, among them the bride's 62 first cousins (including Rosamond and Therese Murray, famed equestriennes) and her 13 brothers and sisters. Outside in the street stood the greatest convocation of photographers that had covered any single news story since the Republican National Convention.

The ceremony was performed by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, Catholic teacher and philosopher who had tutored young Ford, born and reared a Methodist, in the Catholic faith. Baptized the day before, the bridegroom had received his first Communion only a few



CEREMONY took place in Roman Catholic Church of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. Ten bridesmaids wore buttercup-yellow marquisette gowns, horsehair hats.



Ford. Standing, left to right, Mr. McDonnell, Monsignor Sheen, Anne McDonnell, Henry Ford II and Edsel Ford. The bride wears white tulle, carries white orchids.

McDONNELL IN MAJOR 1940 WEDDING

hours prior to the wedding. At Yale, whence he was graduated in June, he managed the crew and was a member of Book and Snake. The bride attended the Convent of the Sacred Heart and Grottanelli School, Siena, Italy. Her father, James, is a broker. Her mother is the daughter of Thomas E. Murray, whose inventions were exceeded in number only by those of Edison. They included waterwall furnaces, cinder catchers, copper radiators, pulverized-fuel equipment and welding apparatus. On his death in 1929 he left \$50,000,000 and eight children.

At the end of the wedding Monsignor Sheen announced: "Pope Pius XII sends his Apostolic Blessing to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford II." The reception was held in a special pavilion built by Mr. McDonnell adjoining his house. There Henry Ford danced with his new granddaughter-in-law (left). At 4:30 p.m. the wedding couple departed in a shower of petals (right), entered the bridegroom's magnificent Lincoln and motored to New York where they spent the night. After a Hawaiian honeymoon they will live in a brick Georgian house in Michigan.



Fifty photographers were corralled behind a wooden barricade a respectful distance from the church. All cars, except those of guests, were stopped a few blocks away.





THE BURMA ROAD WINDS THROUGH NEARLY IMPASSABLE COUNTRY IN CHINA'S WILD YUNNAN PROVINCE, ROUGHLY FOLLOWS THE ROUTE OF THE OLD TRIBUTE ROAD

JAPAN FORCES BRITAIN TO CLOSE BURMA ROAD TO WAR SUPPLIES FOR FREE CHINA

The halfhearted support of the great democracies of the West reached the fighting Chinese Government along the two northbound roads shown on the map at right. Japan has steadily tried to close them. Last month it succeeded in forcing a beaten France to close the road from Indo-China. Last week it bulldozed Great Britain into closing the road from Burma, for at least three months. The only free road into China still open is by way of Soviet Russia.

The Burma Road, thus thrown into the world's spotlight, starts at Rangoon, parallels the railway to Lashio, then snakes through wild and remote country along the route of the Old Tribute Road, toward Chungking a total distance of 2,100 miles. Marco Polo took the same trail 600 years ago. The Chinese Government began pushing the road to the Burma border in dead earnest three years ago, after the Japanese invasion. It replaced chain-and plank bridges with concrete spans, laid a quick-draining gravel surface, rolled it with huge boulders drawn by water buffaloes. Total of unpaid workers at one time was 120,000. Russian munitions, British oil, American trucks and railway equipment poured up it in a steady, priceless trickle.

At the news that the British Government had tried to "appease" insatiable Japan, the House of Commons last week cried, "Shame!" Actually, the entire proceeding from start to finish was illegal, for Japan is not "at war" with China, has no legal right whatever to attempt a blockade. With perfect legality but no apparent effect, U. S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull protested the closing of the road to U. S. goods.



American-made trucks carry most of the traffic on the Burma Road where until 1937 a car had never been seen. This one nearly fell in river. Accidents are frequent on narrow, hairpin turns.





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FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.





IN A TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP SYMPHONY OF GOLDEN BROWN LEGS, SMILING FACES AND FLASHING GARS, LIFEGUARDS OF MANHATTAN BEACH MARCH OFF FOR BOAT DRILL.

GIRL LIFEGUARDS GLAMORIZE A BEACH

On hot summer days it is pleasant to go to Manhattan Beach. There, if you fall asleep on the sand and the tide rises, threatening to engulf you, a pretty girl lifeguard dressed in a maroon Latex bathing suit will wake you up. If you get lost, a pretty guard will find you. If you are throwing bottles or digging deep holes she will stop you. If you are about to drown she may even save you.

Two years ago Manhattan was just another New York beach. Its 35 men lifeguards functioned efficiently but unglamorously. Then the publicity-smart management had an idea. Why not have a girls' auxiliary life-guard corps? Quickly one was organized and soon became a hit. This year there are 16 volunteers in the corps, selected from 135 applicants. They average 18 years in age, must be 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weigh not more than 140 lb. In addition to being winsomely feminine they must be fully capable lifeguards and must have passed the Red Cross Senior Life Saving test.



To the jiggly tune of the *Woodpecker Song*, played on an old upright piano by Entertainer Oswald Sampson, the girls climb on a shed on the beach, do a regular calisthenics drill.



A frisky game of leapfrog keeps the girls amused when lifesaving business is dull. Most of them are high-school or college kids, spend more than 60 hours a week frolicking on beach.



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WITH NEW
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TOURING THE HIGHWAYS and by-ways of this great nation of ours offers glorious adventure—readily accessible to you with the simple twist of an ignition key, and the whirl of a starter.

A sweet-running engine will give you the urge to pick up and go. A new set of Champion Spark Plugs will smooth out your engine, restore lost power, speed and economy, and give your car new "pick-up and go."

Today the right spark plugs in the right condition are more important than ever for your touring pleasure. Modern, high speed, high compression engines and anti-knock fuels make it imperative that spark plugs be gas or compression-tight, or leakproof. For even one "leaker" in a set will cause rough, uneven, and wasteful engine operation.

Champions are now Sillment-sealed, an exclusive (patented) dry powder

seal which makes them permanently free from troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs.

This, and a host of other features, is why Champions are the spark plugs of racing champions—why Champions make every engine a better performing engine. For maximum performance and dependability demand Champions.



"Many thanks for the splendid performance of Champion Spark Plugs when I won the Indianapolis 500-Mile Race for the third time. The Champions functioned perfectly in my car throughout the entire race—never missed firing once."

Hillman

USE THE SPARK PLUG CHAMPIONS USE

Girl lifeguards (continued)



CAROLYN EVANS SHOWS WHAT TO DO WHEN VICTIM GRABS YOUR WRISTS



CHIN CARRY, RESCUER SWIMS SIDE STROKE. BELOW: DOUBLE CHIN CARRY

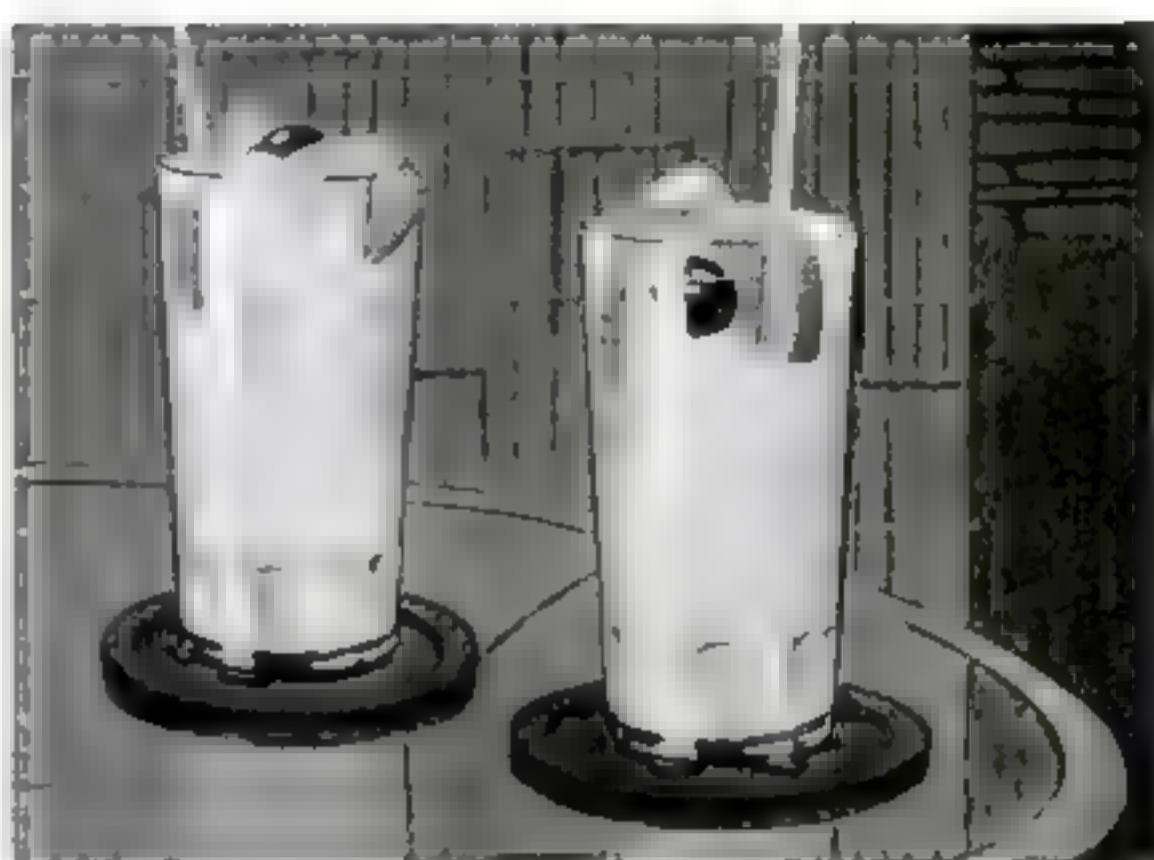


OLD MR. BOSTON SAYS: "My Dry Gin has '17 Flavors in One'"

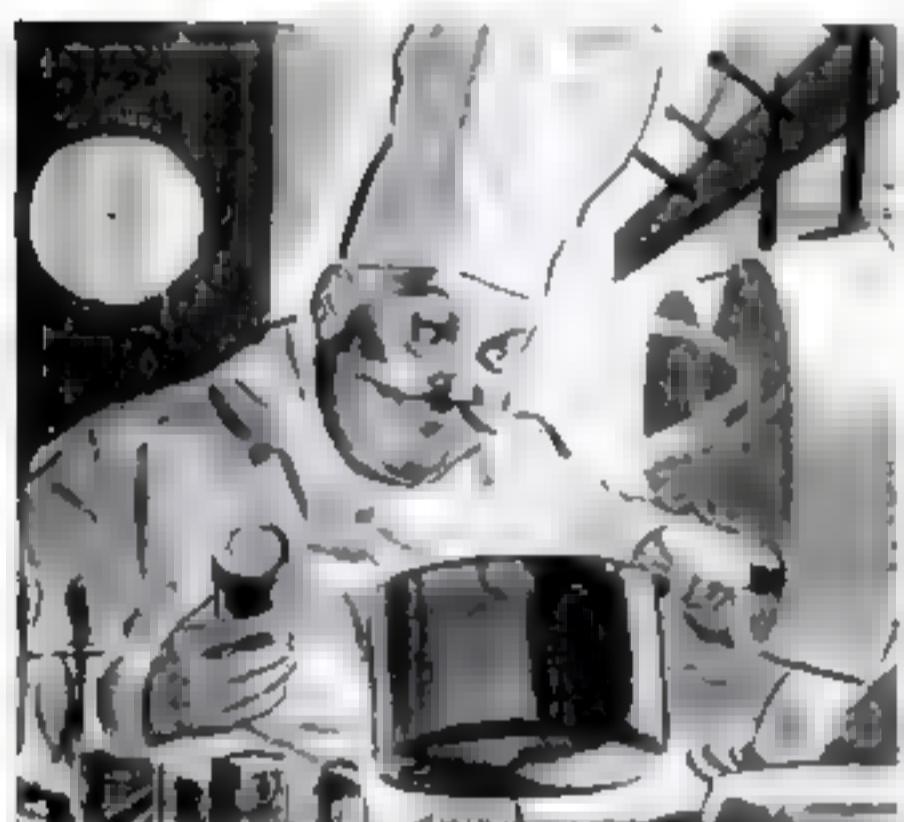
-17 Reasons why your Collins will taste better!"



1. "THIS SUMMER—GIVE YOUR TASTE a 'vacation,' too—a change from commonplace drinks! Treat it to a Collins... made with *my* Dry Gin. *My* gin brings a Collins a taste rare as mountain air. For, it's the only gin with '17 Flavors in 1'!"



2. "YOU CAN SEE THAT A COLLINS made with *my* Dry Gin looks quite like any other! But what a difference there is in the taste! *My* Gin's '17 Flavors in 1' give your Collins a tempting tang... a personality all its own!"



3. "JUST AS A CHEF blends a sauce, so I skillfully blend the 17 flavors in *my* gin—to achieve the matchless zest and delicacy of bouquet that you'll find in *my* dry gin alone."



4. "FROM FAR-FLUNG LANDS across the seas, I gather my flavors. There are cloves from Zanzibar, East Indian mace, coriander seed, cardamom, lovage root... 17 in all... *all imported!* *My* gin is really different, for I spare no effort to make it that way."



5. "SO WHEN YOU PACK your rackets and meander towards a cool shower and an even cooler Collins—determine to make it a *perfect* Collins... with *My* Dry Gin."



6. "PAUSE ON THE CLUBHOUSE PORCH and enjoy the distinctive taste of a Collins made with Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin. I assure you, you'll discover a smoothness and tang the like of which you've never known before!"

MR. BOSTON'S RECIPE FOR THE PERFECT TOM COLLINS!



FIRST, pour 2 ounces Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin into tall, 12-ounce glass.

THEN, add the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon and 1 teaspoonful of powdered sugar.

NEXT, add several ice cubes, fill with carbonated water and stir well.

NOW, decorate with cherry, lemon and orange slices. Serve with straws.

ALSO—Try tall, refreshing drinks made with Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin—the longest-selling Sloe Gin in America! 70 Proof.



OLD MR. BOSTON DRY GIN

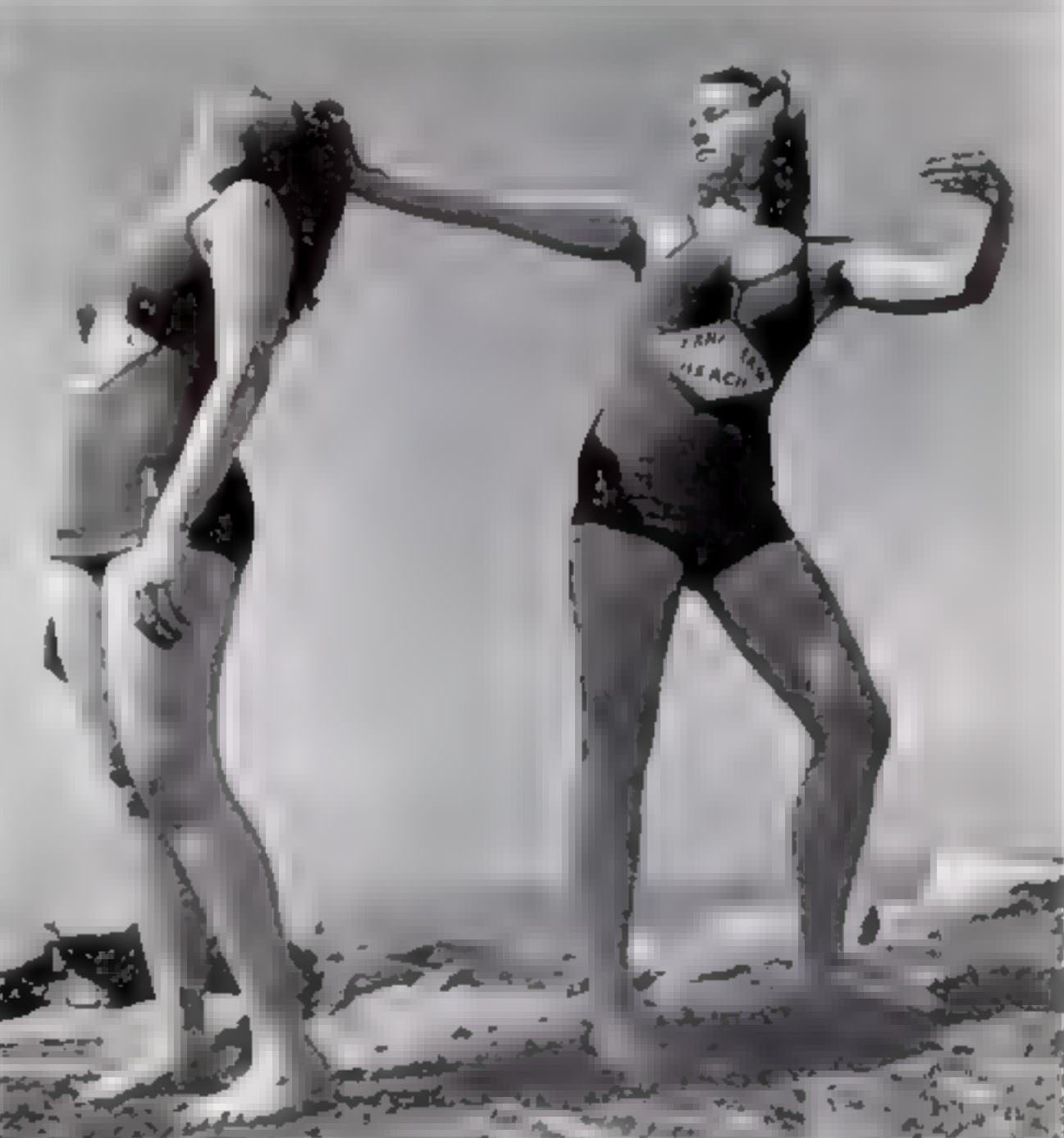
Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits 90 Proof (85 Proof in Some States) Ben-Burb, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Girl lifeguards

(continued)



FOR CROSS-CHEST CARRY, RESCUER GRASPS VICTIM FIRMLY UNDER ARMPIT



HAIR CARRY LOOKS LIKE A BALLET DANCE. BELOW: FIREMAN'S CARRY



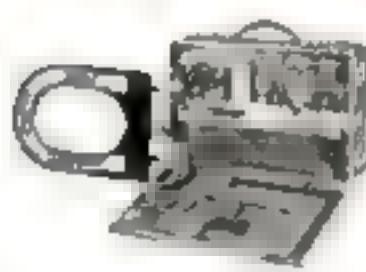
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Engineers of the Zenith Radio Corporation again give you a most remarkable invention... the Patented Detachable Wavemagnet in a portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Under all ordinary circumstances it works without outside aerial... without outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL... PLAY... OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception*. The secret of why it works while others fail is in the Patented Detachable Wavemagnet, which is exclusive with Zenith.

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De Luxe Edition is genuine cowhide... priced slightly higher than regular airplane cloth cover.

Has storage space for earphones (extra equipment) for use at ball games, fights or enroute where you want privacy in reception *without* loudspeaker. Headphones are excellent, too, for the hard of hearing.

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...can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is*, *has*, and *does* so many things! Patented Wavemagnet—built-in yet *detachable*—combination battery and lightning current operation—loudspeaker and earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

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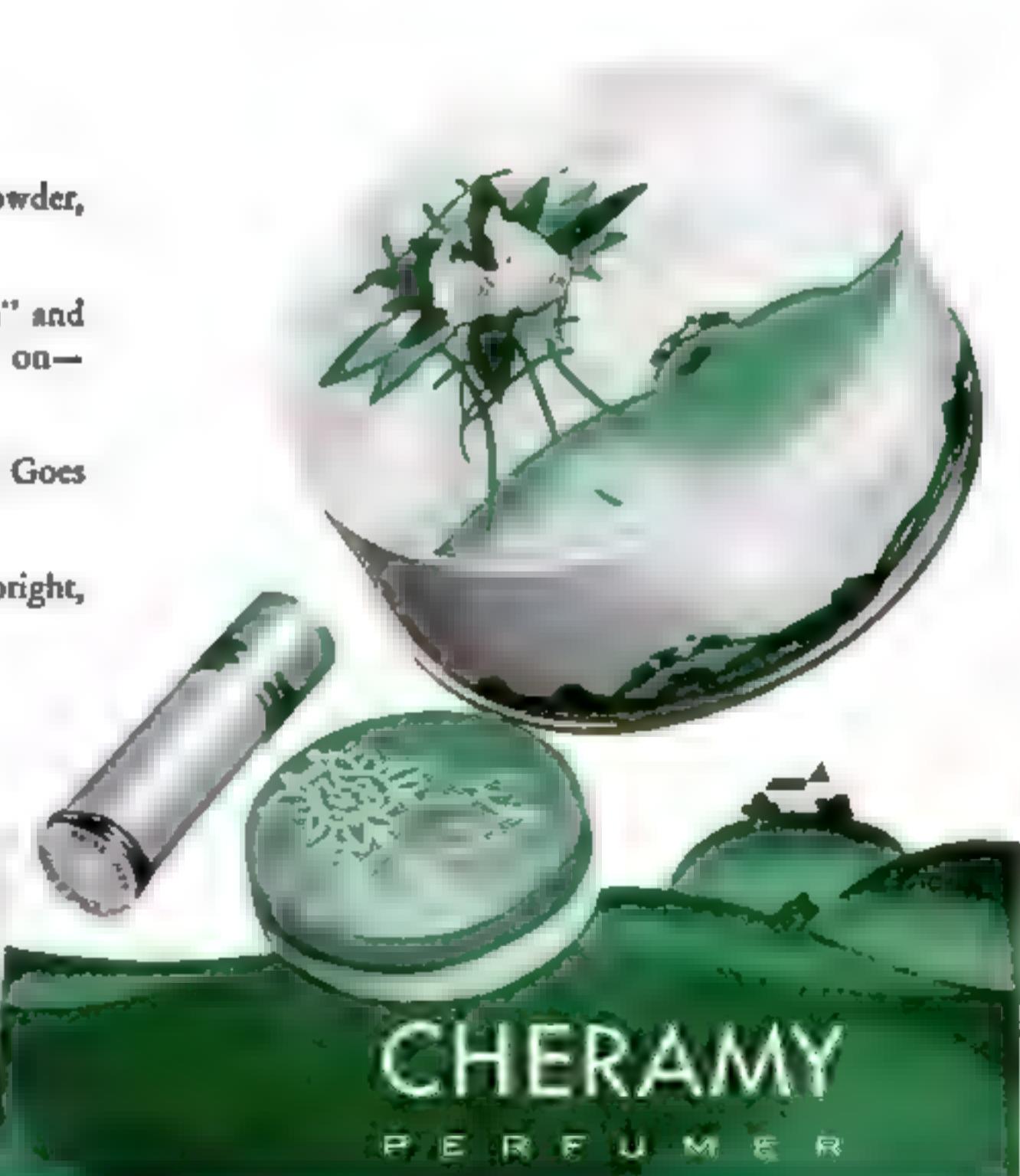
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MEET THE NEW FACE POWDER * It's a powder with "come-hither"... So "smooth" and light... Won't cake... Brings out the best in your complexion... Will stay on and on—even after the last dance! *Thrilling skin-tones.*

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**It was news to me that
large frankfurts
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**They actually cut
with a fork . . . and
are marvelously
juicy and
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Frankfurts with Savory Tomatoes Summer do not boil. Frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately. Spread both sides of thick tomato slices with prepared mustard. Dip in fine, dry, bread crumbs mixed with grated onion. Season with salt and pepper. Brown in a small amount of hot fat, turning once. Arrange on platter with Frankfurts.



THANKS to a new method of "tenderizing" their skins, Frankfurts now take their place among other *spicy* good dinner meats. This new method . . . exclusive with Swift & Company . . . makes the skins delicately fork-tender. You never saw anything like it!

Made of fine meats, these plump savory links are seasoned with fragrant spices . . . carefully smoked over fires of aromatic hardwoods. Then they're "tenderized" in pineapple juice! No pineapple flavor whatsoever remains . . . only the new tenderness that makes them appropriate for a "company" dinner menu.

Ask for this new dinner favorite by name . . . Swift's Premium Frankfurts. Your dealer has them or can get them for you.



Take your choice! In addition to the big "dinner" size, your dealer has Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts in the standard size, equally delicious. But whichever you choose, look for the "Swift's Premium" seal of finest quality.

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SWIFT'S PREMIUM Tender Frankfurts



Swift's spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country make many other "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" meat products, including Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Luner Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!



WINGS OUTSTRETCHED, AN ALBATROSS RUNS INTO THE WIND TO TAKE

BIRD HISTORY IS MADE WITH THESE

The albatross, although well known to seafaring men, is something of an ornithological rarity. It does its nesting in out-of-the-way islands and spends most of its life soaring gracefully over food-filled waters or in the wake of ships. It is rarely seen from shore. Last month Guy Emerson, a New York bird amateur, decided to see what could be done about getting a good close look at an albatross. Armed with cod-liver oil and minced suet, he sailed eight miles off the California coast, laid down a slick of albatross fodder and waited.

What happened was the unprecedented gathering shown on these pages. Fifteen of the black-footed species came in to feed. They swam and glided about the boat until the suet was gone. When they were through, these pictures had been made. According to Audubon Society officers, they rank as the best albatross portraits that have

FIVE ALBATROSSES SWIM CONTENTEDLY ABOUT BOAT IN SLICK OF COD-LIVER





OFF, MAKING THE BEST ACTION PICTURE OF AN ALBATROSS EVER TAKEN

CLOSE-UPS OF THE ALOOF ALBATROSS

ever been taken, and the only ones ever taken in U. S. coastal waters.

The black-footed albatross shown here is known to sailors as the gooney because of its simple-minded behavior. It is not to be confused with its cousin, the sooty albatross, one of which the Ancient Mariner killed.

Goonies nest on Laysan, far west in the Hawaiian Islands, where they turn up from all over the Pacific each November to spend solemn months of bowing and bill-crossing. During this season they will bow to human visitors if bowed to first. The birds are protected now but in former years the Japanese used to come to Laysan where they politely bowed untold thousands of goonies into pits to starve, then took their valuable feathers back to Japan. The year the U. S. stopped this practice more than 250,000 pairs of wings were confiscated.

DIL. SMALL WHITE SPOTS ARE LUMPS OF SUET THAT BROUGHT THE BIRDS



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



A flavor you
will find in no
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Your first Ballantine's is more than a drink... it's a *discovery*. Now you know how wonderfully good a brewed beverage can be!

Ballantine's Ale is brighter, brisker, livelier... an ale brewed to the American taste. But... and mark this well... Ballantine's is a *true ale*, rich with the *extra flavor* imparted by ale yeasts.

Try a glass today. Before it's half gone, you'll understand why *millions get more enjoyment from Ballantine's Ale than from any other brew*. Now on sale from coast to coast. In bottles and cans (12 oz. and full quart).

Capr., 1948, P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

BALLANTINE'S America's largest selling **ALE**

The albatross (continued)

Archibald's in need
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Puffing smoke that's
hot as Hades!



Now he's quite a
cheerful bloke—
Kools his throat with
soothing smoke!

SWITCH FROM "HOTS"

TO KOOLS

Try a few packs and see how much more pleasure you get out of smoking. The mild menthol in KOOLS makes your throat feel cool—refreshed—soothed. Switch today!

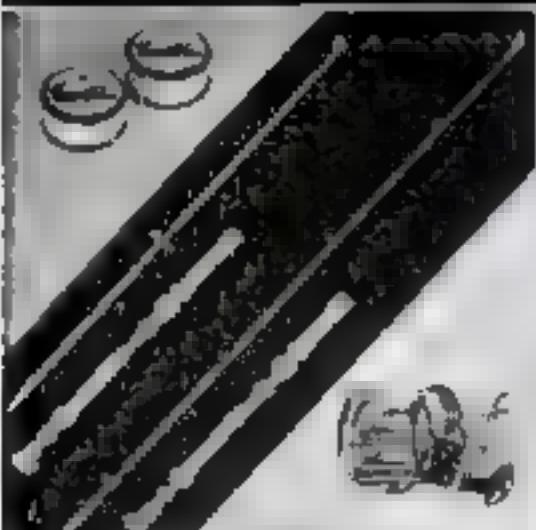


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TAKE-OFF



GLIDE



LANDING

Skilful flight is the albatross' stock in trade. Like soaring airplanes, the birds depend on wind and updrafts from the ocean waves to get into the air and stay there. On a calm day they may have to run 200 yd. before gaining flying speed.



Two bird experts, Emerson (left) and Roger Peterson, take turns throwing over suet to bring albatrosses near the boat. Mr. Emerson, New York banker and treasurer of the Audubon Society, developed the luring trick.

On trains like the *Century*, the privacy and comfort of a roomette, the most popular innovation in sleeping accommodations, is available at little more than the cost of an open section. Designed for fastidious living, it contains a luxuriously soft, full-sized bed, concealed toilet facilities, a clothes locker, and such welcome refinements as air conditioning, individual lighting, ventilation and temperature control.



The famous hospitality of the *Century* is nowhere more apparent than in its diner. For here, when you choose to be alone, you can have a table to yourself . . . here, too, when you feel like mingling with people, the opportunity is made each evening . . . when, after the last delicious meal has been served, this magnificently decorated car is turned into a night club complete with softly colored lights, swing music and secluded conversation nooks.



NEW YORK CENTRAL'S World-Famous 20TH CENTURY LIMITED

BUILT BY PULLMAN-STANDARD

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF RAILROAD AND TRANSIT EQUIPMENT

FOR almost 40 years, the *Twentieth Century Limited* has been one of the most famous and luxurious trains on earth. Today, streamlined into sleek beauty by Pullman-Standard, it has taken on new and even greater significance. For the sight of it flashing over the countryside as silently and majestically as a meteor aptly symbolizes the quiet efficiency with which the progressive railroads of America have set about the task of making modern streamlined transportation available.

In 6 years 16 railroad systems have added Pullman-Standard streamlined units

If you think back, you'll remember that in February 1934 there was but one streamliner in the entire country . . . and that, built by Pullman-Standard, was exhibited at the second opening of Chicago's *Century of Progress*.

By way of contrast, today practically every major city can boast of this modern service . . . and in practically every section the pleasing and low whistle of these trains has become a familiar sound. For within these six eventful years the

number of railroads operating Pullman-Standard streamlined trains or cars has grown from one to sixteen—the number of track miles served by them, extended until they span the country from coast to coast, from Maine to Mexico.

Pullman-Standard streamliners are putting profits back into railroading

As the American creator of this type of transportation, and as the builder of over 70% of the lightweight, streamlined units which have been purchased, Pullman-Standard's role in the achievements of this phenomenal record has been vital. Yet in an important sense it has been secondary to the one you, a representative of the American traveling public, have played.

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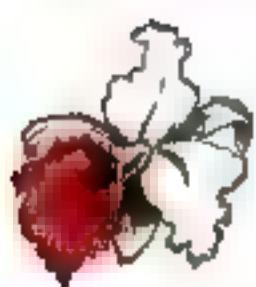
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Horse surgery begins with subduing the horse. Students and internes push the horse against upright operating table, tie him securely, then swing table to horizontal (right).

PENNSYLVANIA VETERINARY STUDENTS LEARN A VITAL BRANCH OF MEDICINE



DEAN GEORGE A. DICK

Subject to all the ills that flesh is heir to are the millions of U. S. horses, cattle, hogs and chickens. Particularly in the summer, horses succumb to the blind staggers of encephalomyelitis, cows' udders are inflamed with mastitis, hogs die wholesale of cholera. Cure of these varied ills and protection of a \$5,000,000,000 U. S. investment is the responsibility of the nation's 10,000 veterinarians. In their undercrowded profession, the 300 well-trained young graduates of the ten accredited veterinary schools each year find themselves a thriving practice.

Outstanding is the University of Pennsylvania's School of Veterinary Medicine, headed by Dean George A. Dick (left). Its 200 students must have at least two years' college education, spend four years mastering wide areas of medical knowledge including pathology, dentistry and animal surgery. They learn something also of the more than 60 diseases and parasitisms that are common to both animals and men. Not the least of the graduate veterinarian's functions is the protection of humans from the ills of animals.

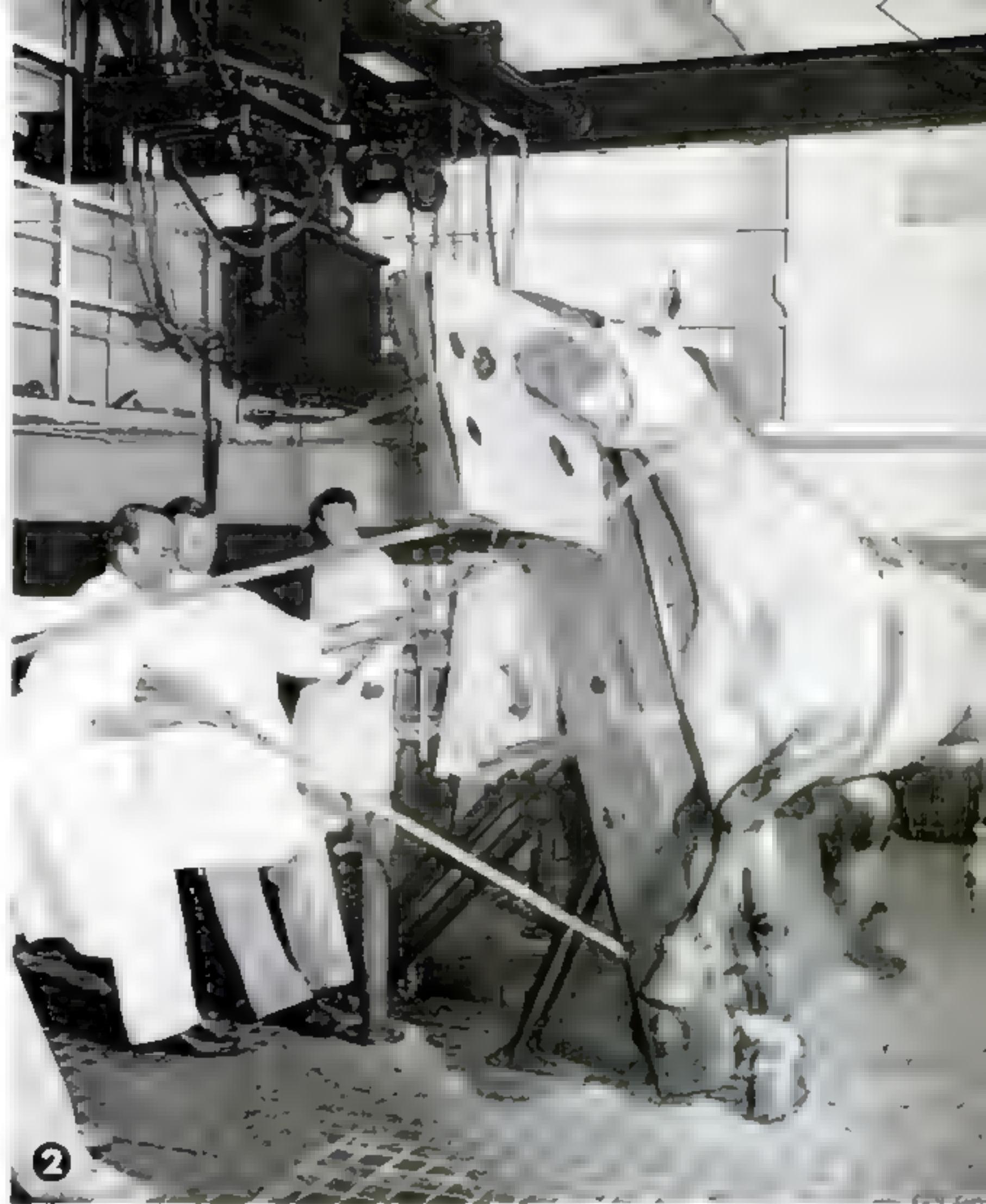
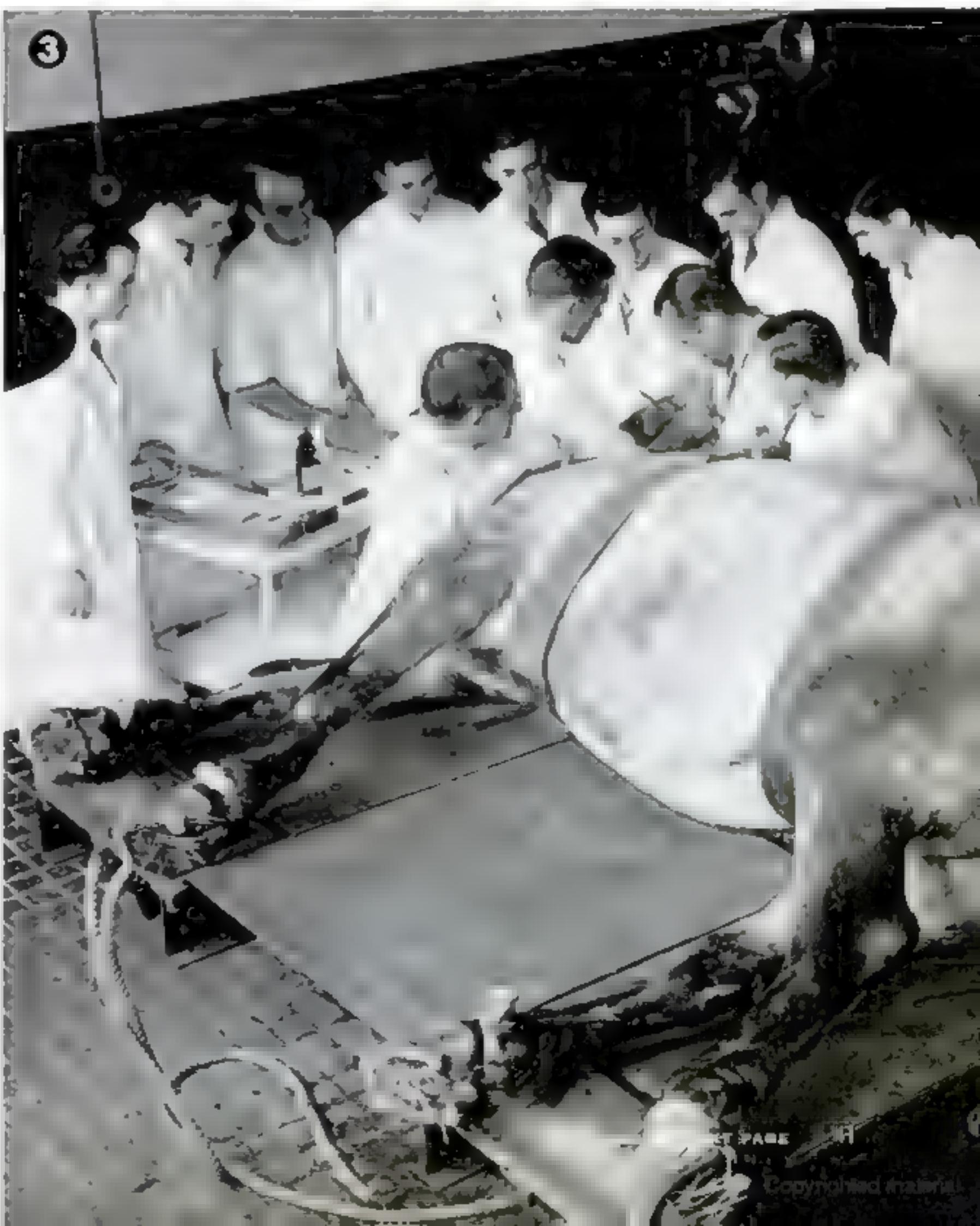


Table is tilted with horse securely lashed down. With horse unconscious under chloroform the operation proceeds (below). In these minor operations careful asepsis makes rubber gloves and gauze masks unnecessary. This horse had a double operation for contracted tendon and a tumor on eyelid.



The operation completed, the operating table is tipped up on edge once more and the anesthetized horse is slid onto a wheeled "stretcher" on which he is rolled to his stall.

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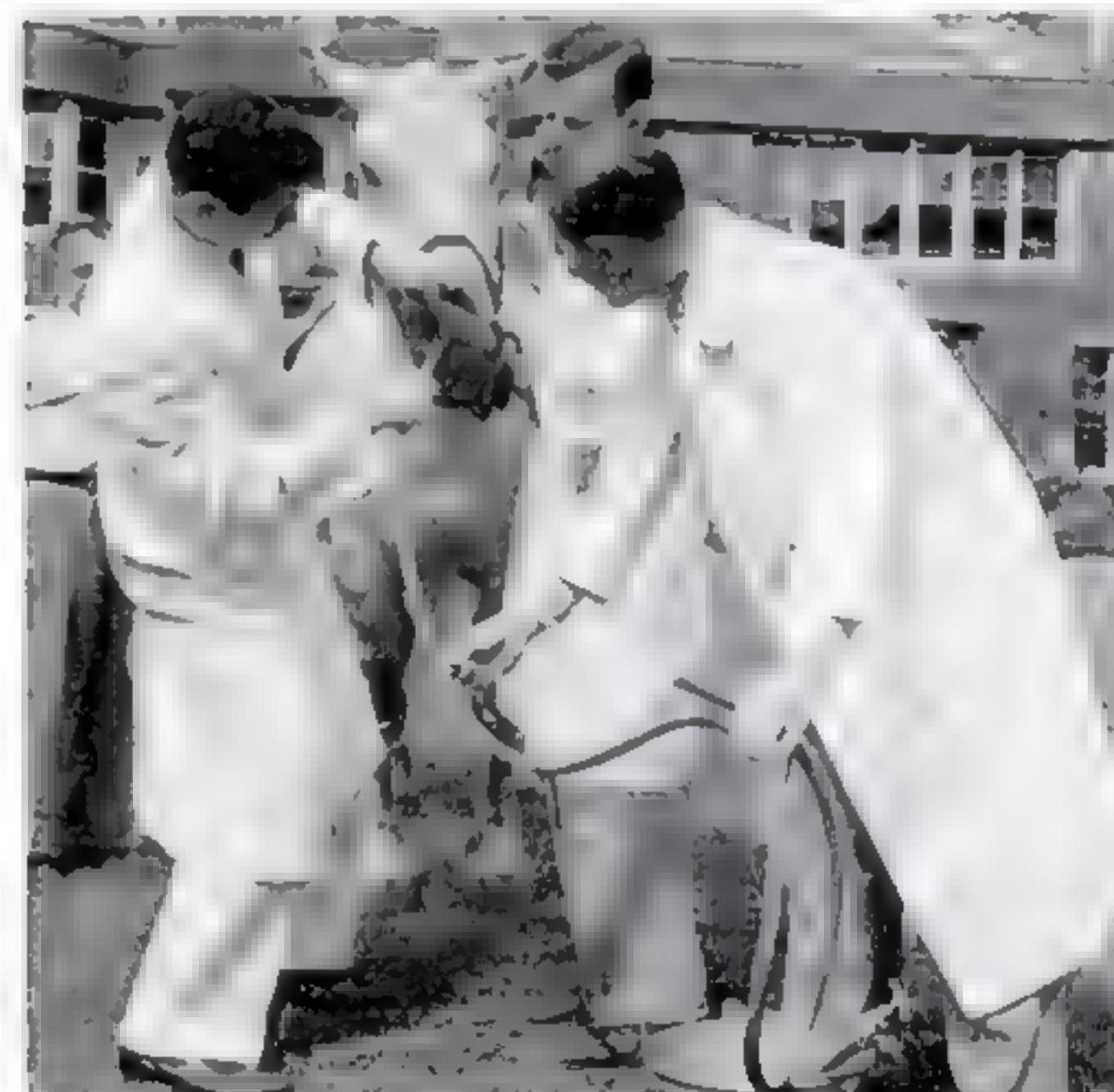


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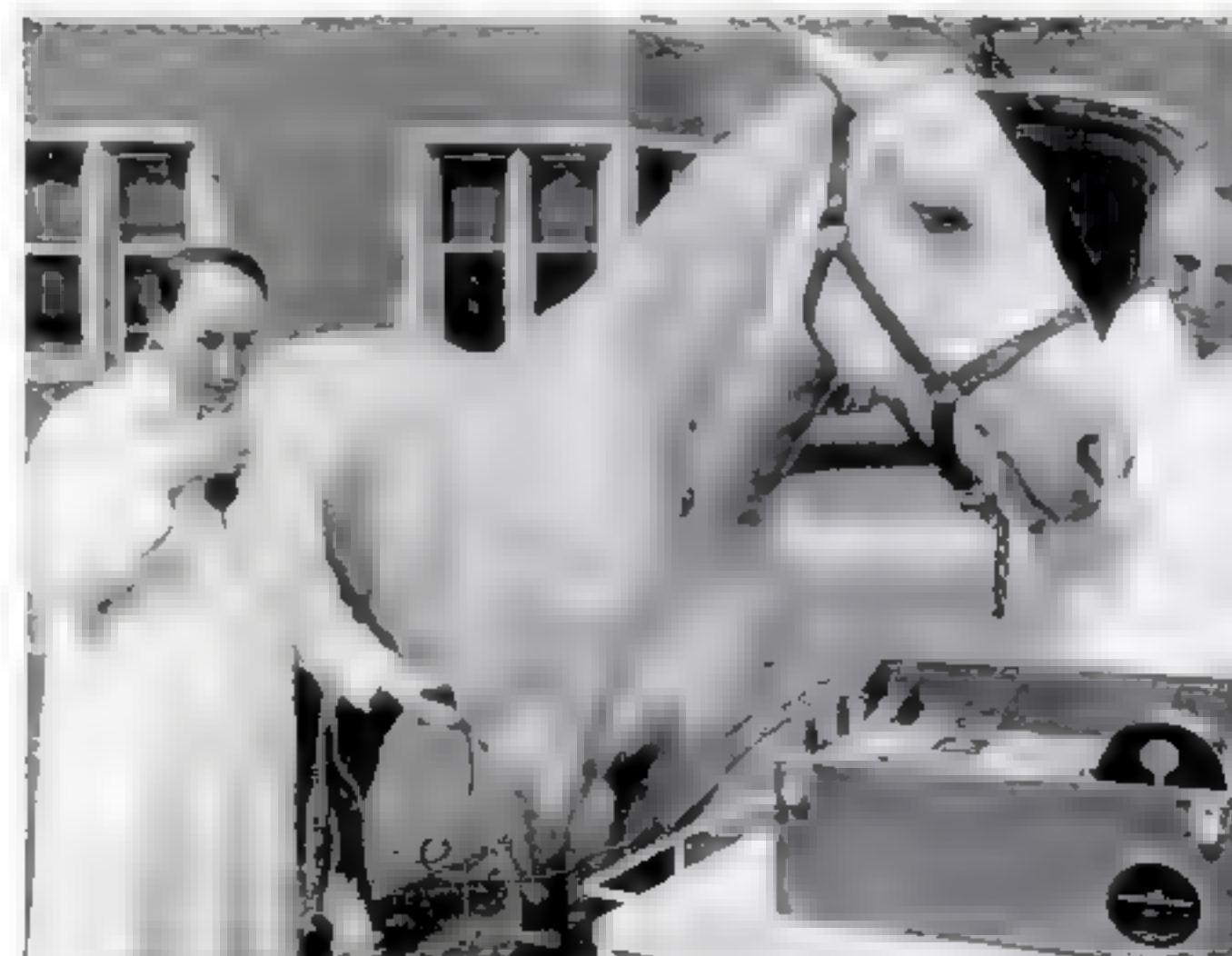
Veterinary medicine (continued)



Teeth extraction, with horse's mouth braced open by special gag, is measure taken for severe root infection. Years of chewing wear sharp edges on teeth of old horses.



Horse medicine is administered by tube through nostril into stomach. Safer than hand administration, this method is also used for the forced feeding of sick horses.



Horse's heart beats are listened to by doctor with stethoscope and recorded on Stetho-Cardiette (right). Horses get heart trouble from overwork and bad feeding.



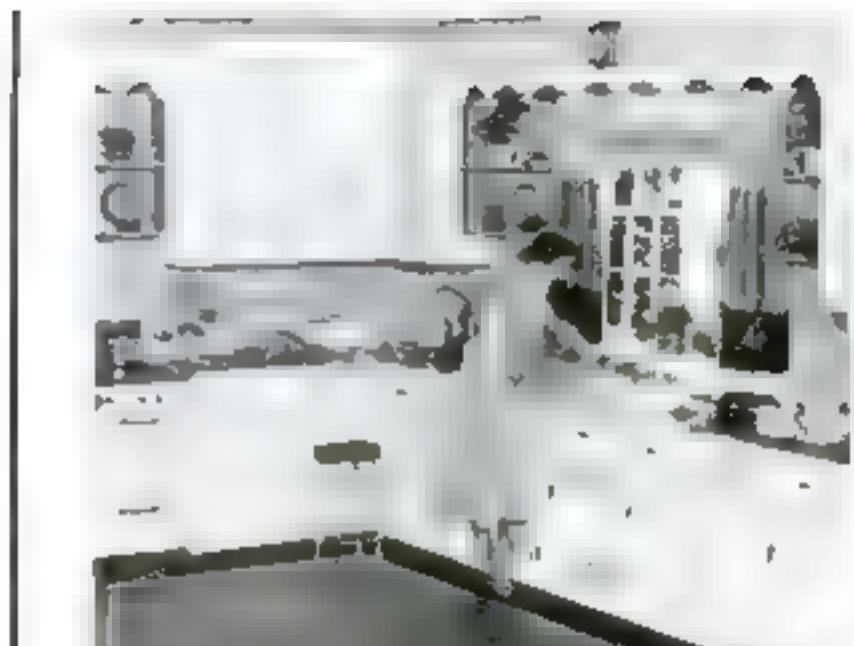
Cancerous kitten gets an X-ray treatment at the Pennsylvania University's School of Veterinary Medicine. More than 10,000 dogs and

cats were patients last year in the school's hospital. Pet practice, with 4,000 men engaged, is most lucrative branch of the profession.



Cholera vaccination is given to young pig at the school's experimental farm in Bucks County. Preventive medicine is most impor-

tant function of veterinarians, who are credited with elimination of beef and milk as sources of tuberculous infection for humans.



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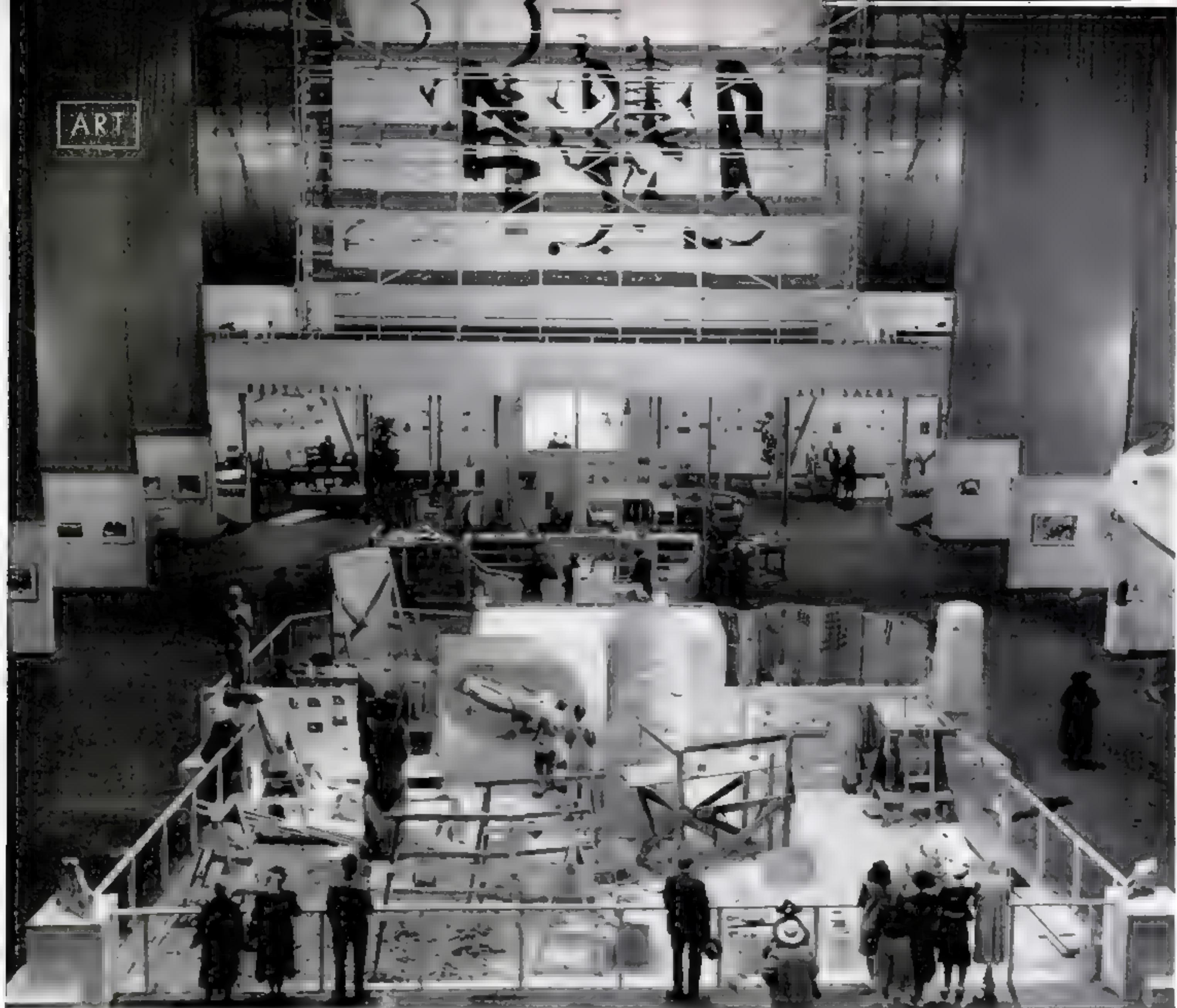
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ART



UNDER THE PUBLIC EYE ARTISTS WORK HERE IN A KIND OF BEAR PIT AT SAN FRANCISCO ART PALACE. AT END OF ROOM OVER BALCONY IS WPA MOSAIC BY HERMAN VOLZ

ARTISTS IN ACTION STEAL THE SHOW AT SAN FRANCISCO FAIR

Beach girl basking by a crab is modeled in bas-relief by Cecilia Graham of California. She studied with Carl Milles.



To replace the \$20,000,000 show of Old Masters which was shipped back to Europe from last year's Fair on the West Coast, a new type of exhibit is now on view in San Francisco's Palace of Fine Arts. Called "Art in Action," it offers a score of sculptors, painters, weavers, pottery makers, each doing his own job like sideshow performers. Star performer is Diego Rivera (see p. 49). Chief purpose of the stunt, says Timothy Pfleuger, who is general director of Art Palace, is to show the public what effort goes into art work, and show artists as ordinary human beings.

Horses serve as models to Ruth Cravath who carves horse head of stone. Animals drew bigger crowd than any artist.



Far from resenting it, most artists enjoy being gaped at and questioned. Sculptor Ruth Cravath (below) invites children to step up and take a few hacks with a chisel on her statue of a horse. Boys, she says, are better—they pay attention to their work. Girls pay attention to the audience.

Adjoining the "Art in Action" display is a comprehensive show of contemporary Mexican, South and Central American paintings, along with a fine collection of European and American art. On next pages LIFE reproduces five of these works in color.

Head of Leonardo da Vinci, 7 ft. high, is carved by Fred Olmsted for science hall in San Francisco Junior College.





"Walt Whitman," by Thomas Eakins, shows the "Good Gray Poet" at 68 looking like Jove in a lace-edged collar. Whitman sat for this portrait in 1887 while he lived at Camden near Eakins' studio in Philadelphia. Both men were

rebels against Victorianism. While Whitman shocked America by his "barbaric yawp," Tom Eakins was kicked out of the Pennsylvania Academy for using nude models in his art classes. Today the Academy is proud owner of this Whit-

man portrait and Eakins ranks as one of America's best painters, both for his solid realism and Rembrandtian sense of character. Whitman preferred photographs to painting but called this his best portrait, said: "It grows on you."

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

FAMED MILLET PAINTING RECALLS THE SUCCESS OF MARKHAM'S POEM

Biggest crowd-catcher at the San Francisco Fair art show is *The Man with the Hoe* by Jean Millet, loaned from the estate of William Cracker, a California banker. Painted in 1862, Millet's toiler rated as a fair example of the French Barbizon school of art when Edwin Markham in 1899 made it the subject of a poem. A California schoolteacher, Markham was first inspired by a magazine reproduction of the hoe man, sold his poem to the *San Francisco Examiner* for \$25. Overnight it stirred the whole nation. One French peasant became a symbol of all poor men oppressed by industrialism and other vague evils. When Markham died last March his 49 lines had earned him \$250,000. LIFE reprints them here because the poem is now rightful companion to the painting.

*Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his bark the burden of the world
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox
Who knowed and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?*

*Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land,
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power,
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this
More tormented with censure of the world's blind greed
More filled with signs and portents for the soul
More fraught with menace to the universe?*

*What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slaves of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the redlining of the road?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look,
Time's tragedy is in that aching doop.
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Thundered, profaned and disinherited
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.*

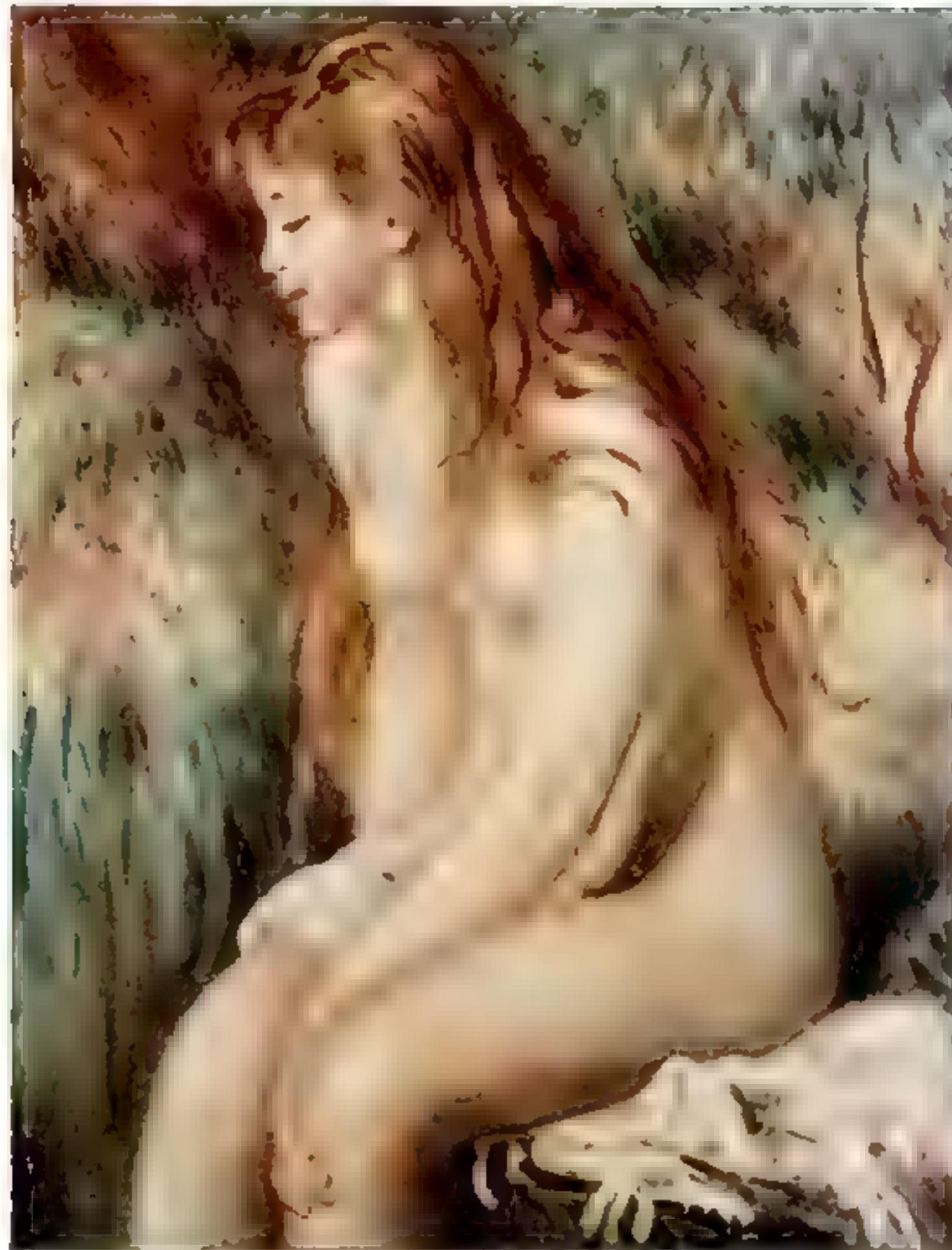
*O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape?
Touch it again with immortality,
Give bark the upward looking and the light,
Rebuild in it the muse and the dream,
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immeasurable woes?*

*O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
With those who shaped him to the thing he is?
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?*

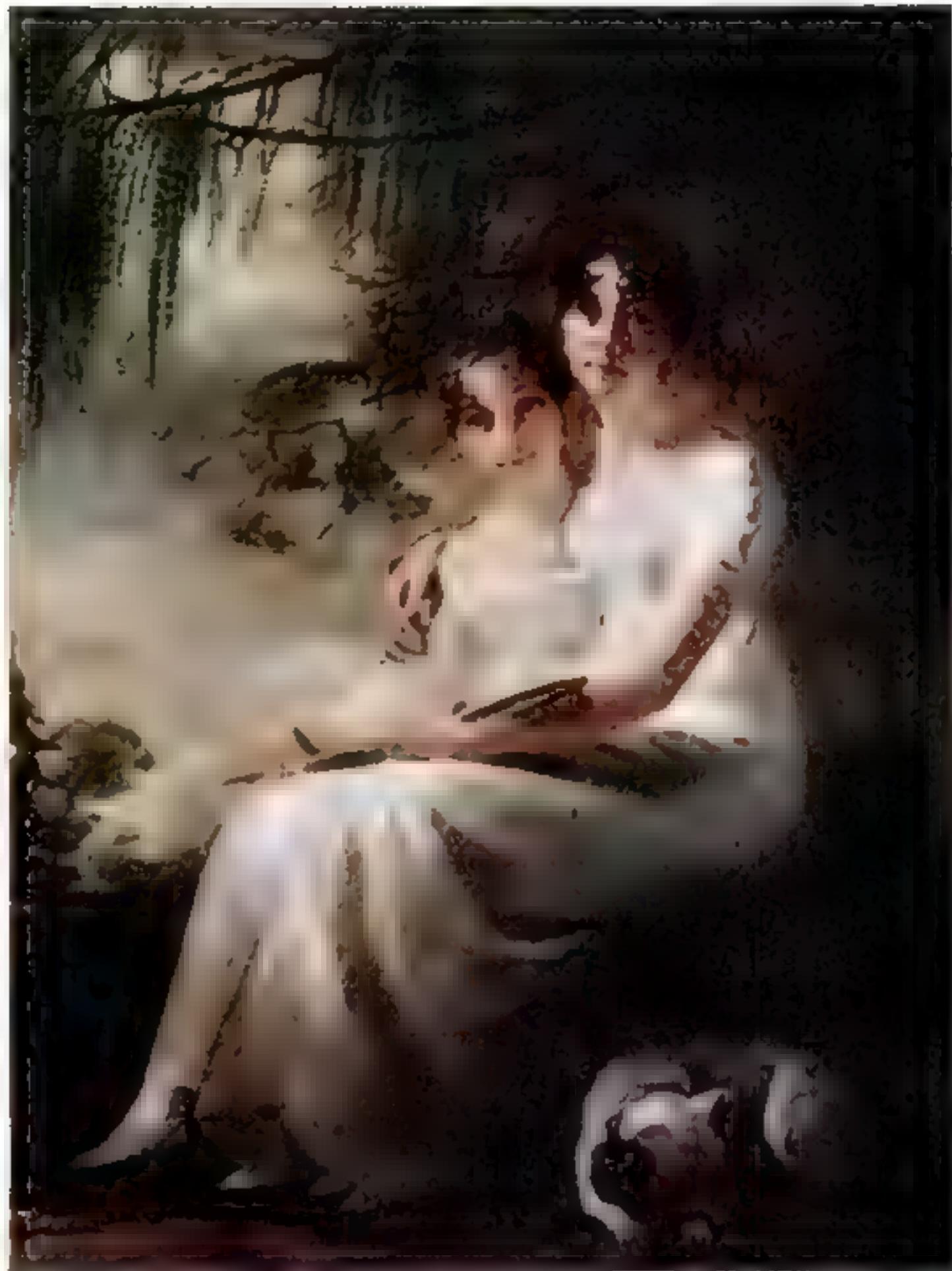




San Francisco Fair Exhibit (continued)



"Nude" by Renoir is one of 4,000 women, mostly anonymous, painted with cooing suppleness by the great 19th Century Frenchman. Renoir declared he liked his models "docile and placid," often made his own servants pose for him. His wife complained he hired a cook "only if her skin could take the light." This nude was owned by the French artist Claude Monet.



"The Sisters" by Sir Henry Raeburn was painted about 1800 in the golden age of English portraiture. Raeburn was a Scottish miller's son whose idealized aristocrats, always gentle and charming, seem to pose in perpetual twilight. These Scottish beauties, owned by the Ringling Museum, are Elizabeth and Georgina Renny with a sleeping dog at their feet.



"The Building of the Trojan Horse" is by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, a popular Venetian artist of the late Renaissance who painted historical events with operatic magnificence. Here he depicts the beginning of history's most

famous hoax. Outside the walls of Troy the Greek invaders are building a huge hollow horse. The gullible Trojans, believing it a peace offering, drag the horse into their city, discover too late that it is stuffed full of soldiers. At the

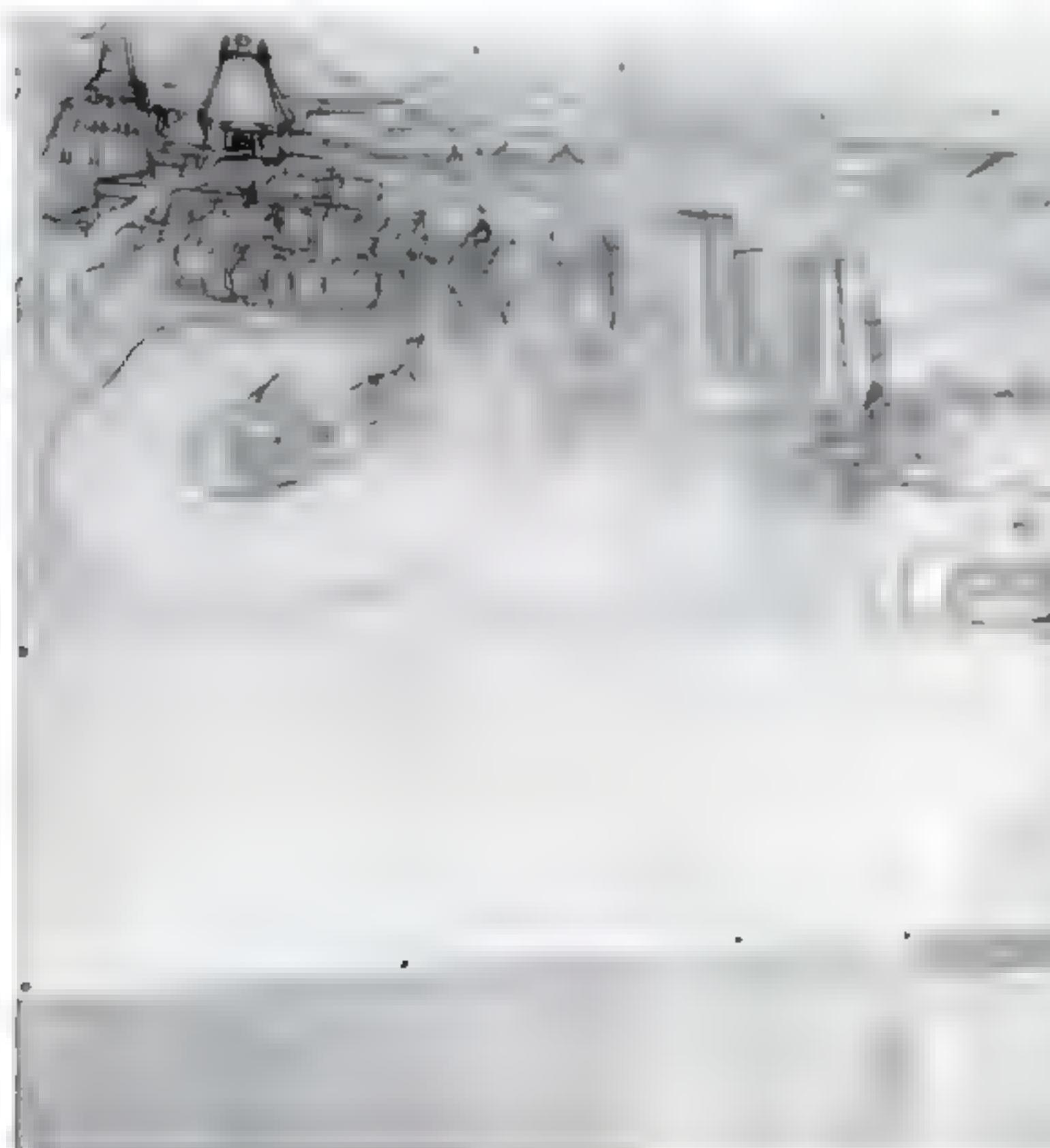
left in the painting stands the Greek chief Agamemnon. With him is the warrior-spy Ulysses, who thought up the idea of the horse, wearing one of the disguises by which he bamboozled the Trojans. Notice vultures circling over Troy



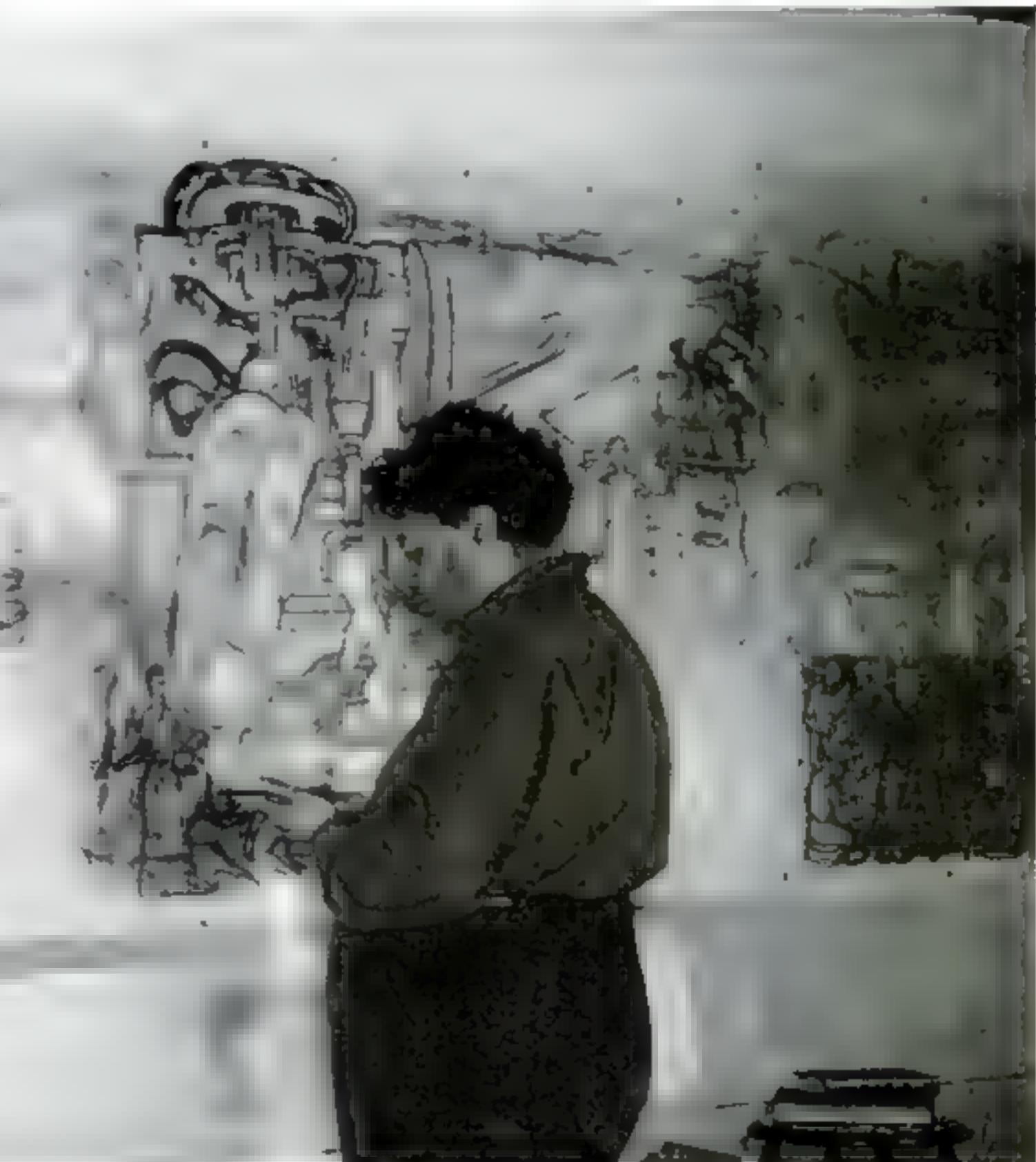
Diego Rivera, noted Mexican muralist, has fun at dinner making turkey-bone caricature of Marlene Dietrich. Rivera is star attraction at Art Palace where at 54 he paints long hours daily without stop, tears out the centers of loaves of French bread to munch while working. At night he feasts with friends at cafés, drinks prodigiously of red wine.



Rivera's assistant is Mona Hoffman, an American girl he met in Mexico City. Here beneath his dangling feet she sits on a scaffold in the Art Palace, helps him transfer his small-scale sketches to wall. Rivera has three such helpers. Blonde Mona is also his secretary, keeps visitors from pestering him, buys his art materials and makes him quit work at dinnertime.



Rivera's mural, shown above in a preliminary stage, is an amazing combination of Mexican gods and modern machinery. In middle is a stamping machine superimposed upon the god Quetzalcoatl. At left, above sacred serpent, are skyscrapers repeating terraced forms of ancient temples. Explaining how all this demonstrates his theory of Pan-Americanism, Rivera



says: "American art has to be the result of a conjunction between the creative mechanism of the North and the creative power of the South coming from the traditional deep-rooted Southern Indian forms." This is Rivera's first mural in the U. S. since his fresco was kicked out of Rockefeller Center in 1933. It was commissioned by new San Francisco Junior College



BETTY KUZMEK SLEEPS PEACEFULLY IN THE BED OF VENUS FOR 240 A WEEK. "YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING," SHE SAYS, "BUT YOU WAKE UP AND IT'S SCARY!"

Betty visits family at parents' home in Bargaintown, N.J., near Atlantic City. From left are brothers Chester, Frank, Betty, father, sister Mary. "Mom" and other children were away.



Betty feeds ducks for show, but they share a mutual antipathy. The Kuzmecks' large, bare, white frame house is set on 45 acres of so-called Jersey "meadows." Most of Betty's kin raise ducks.



FAIR GIRLIE

ON MIDWAY'S BED OF VENUS BETTY KUZMECK EXCELS AT JOB OF BEING IDLY DECORATIVE

by OLIVER JENSEN

Betty Kuzmeck is 18, pretty and Polish. Promptly at 5 p. m. she goes to work on the Midway of the New York World's Fair. There she peels off her clothes, steps into a glass enclosure and climbs into the Bed of Venus where she remains for two hours at a stretch, under the public gaze of thousands of 25¢ customers. The bed itself is a 30-ft. red-satin affair with a background of surrealist art by Salvador Dali, original designer of what is now a girlie show called *20,000 Legs Under the Sea*. Under the artful illumination of a softfused reddish light, Betty wears nothing but a few twigs across her bosom and a sheet pulled up to her navel. While working, she is usually asleep.

Professionally, Betty Kuzmeck is one of thousands of pretty American girls who devote their careers to being decorative. This profession, served both with and without pay, includes May queens, carnival queens and festival queens for the apple, the onion, the turnip, the avocado pear and every other well-publicized member of the vegetable kingdom. It includes bathing beauties, standers at pageants, spear-holders in shows, "theme" girls, toothpaste, cigaret, insecticide and tire girls. Americans today consider the display of feminine beauty, however irrelevant to the matter at hand, essential in their industrial and public life. With equal conviction they believe that beauty is hindered by undue motion and therefore prefer to behold this new order of entertainers standing, sitting or reclining in attitudes of attractive repose. In consequence at the World's Fair girlie shows there is even less movement than raiment, and Betty Kuzmeck, doing next to nothing at \$40 a week, is a sensation.

This is a great advance for Betty. Barely three months ago she was a hat-check girl at the Fiesta Danceteria, a self-service dance hall on 42nd Street just off Times Square, where she was paid \$15 and had to turn in her tips. The clientele was of the type that makes frequent passes at the hat-check girl, an attitude that Betty resented as much as that of the musicians who, she says, "are so much like sailors." When she heard that swimming tests were being given for *20,000 Legs* she lost no time in applying. Eager to demonstrate her ability to the coach and trainer, Betty did not waste time in discussion, but stripped and dove into the pool at once. Owing to the unfortunate mishap that she chose the shallow end she emerged with lamentable lacerations of the nose and forehead, but her enthusiasm made an instant impression on the management which hired her.

"Show business," says Betty, "it's something I didn't want to be into." But into it she is, with sufficient success to have been visited by a great and famous movie star, who made a circuitous trip around behind the glass that shields her Bed of Venus from twig collectors and entered from the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Betty shares room and adjoining fire escape with her sister Mary, 20, on respectable but dingy part of West 90th St. At right: Betty's underwater act in the tank at *20,000 Legs Under the Sea*



I was fit-to-be-tied when he said: "Want some golf balls, Mister?"

1. Now I'm a peaceful sort of fella, but when young ladyfingers here tries to sell me golf balls with my neckties, I think it's time for action . . . "Listen, Ferdinand," I steam, "Go smell your flowers..."



2. "I'm a bad bull when a guy tries to take business away from the fellow it rightfully belongs to. You may know my neck size and waistline but you don't know one solitary thing about my golf game."



4. "That's telling 'im!" said our Pro. "And here's why I recommend Acushnet. They are sold *only* in Pro shops — which lets us tell you *what* to play as well as *how* to play — and that's mighty important to *your* game."

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Kuzmeck family portrait shows Betty (front, center) at about 7. Brother Joe (standing in rear) now works in a L. I. lace factory, and Jean (behind Betty) is married

Fair Girlie (continued)

wings crying. "Don't you feel lonesome down there?" The management intervened just as he was starting down the ladder to join her.

When she is not doing her languid stuff in the Bed of Venus, Betty joins the rest of the cast of *20,000 Legs* in the glass-front tanks where something called the Dream of Venus is presented. This underwater act requires the girls to hold their breath for a minute or so while they glide about and grimace at the invisible audience. Betty's costume consists of a pair of brief trunks which leave her breasts bare. This semi-nudity, however, raises in her mind no serious question of her innate modesty. She rationalizes it something like this: the audience is in the dark, so you can't see them from the tank, so it doesn't make any difference and besides you wouldn't show yourself like that out of water where anyone could see you.

Betty is the most conspicuously successful of the seven children of John and Mary (Chilicky) Kuzmeck of Bargaintown, N. J. Her father came to the U. S. in 1910 from a small town near Wilno, in Russian-held Poland, and married another Polish immigrant soon afterward. Although he had to borrow shoes for the ceremony, John Kuzmeck prospered on his duck farm, then at Bellport, L. I. Because practical Poles put important things first, he had built his incubators before he finished his house, with the result that when Betty, the fourth child, arrived suddenly, she was born on top of the duck hatchery.

Polish is still spoken at the Kuzmeck farm, although Betty and the other children do not speak it fluently. As for ducks, Betty confides that she does not and never has enjoyed their company. "They smell too much and they're stupid," she says. High school she enjoyed, and after some urging will admit that her favorite studies were history, music and English, which she speaks with a flat, clicking twang. Her accent is neither Polish nor Bronx, but more native to Atlantic City, N. J. It bears some relation to Brooklynese, which bears down hard on the last consonant of every syllable and pauses dead in its tracks for the next. By this process, Betty would describe an intelligent person as "deff-in-uit-ly mennt-ull."

She lives with her sister Mary in a room-and-a-half flat on the fourth floor back of a walk-up on West 90th Street, Manhattan. The kitchen is an alcove from the single all-purpose room, which has a small closet, a bureau, table, a few chairs and a three-quarter bed. Décor consists of a few snapshots on the wall, a banner bearing the legend, "Saratoga Springs, N. Y." and a large glossy print of an orchestra leader which is inscribed: "With best to Betty. Any friend of Andy's is a friend of mine. As ever, Joe Marsala." For reading matter, Betty's apartment contains one copy

At first communion, Betty (left) was 12, Sophie 9. Betty was also Girl Scout.

In the seventh grade at school in Long Island, Betty sat quietly in the corner.



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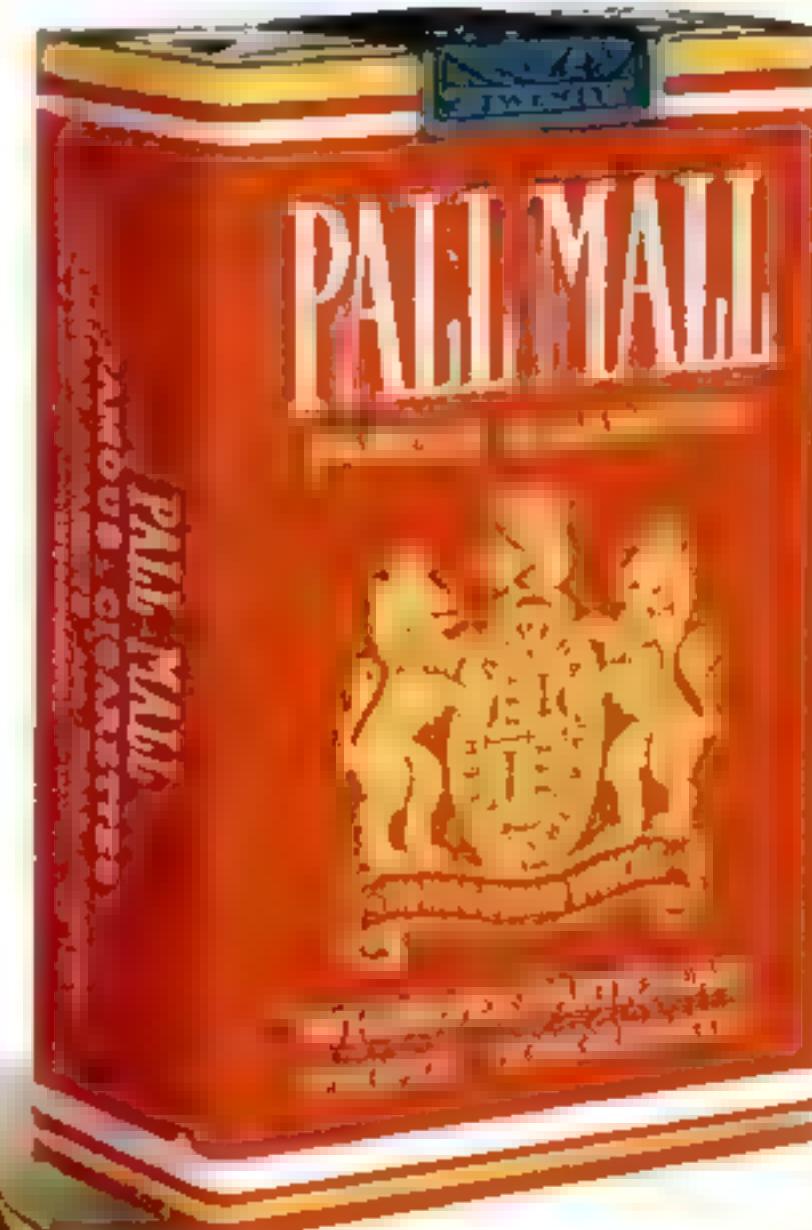
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On busman's holiday, Betty goes swimming in a pond near her home in Bargaintown, N. J. Other favorite recreations include ice-cream sodas and double features.

Fair Girlie (continued)

each of *True Story*, *True Experiences*, *True Confessions*, *Modern Romances*, *Modern Movies*, *Love Story* and *Complete Love*. Betty admits, however, that this is obviously light reading, and occasionally sinks her teeth into Kathleen Norris or Faith Baldwin.

Betty regards her present living arrangements, like many New Yorkers, as purely temporary and not distasteful. Work, however, is another matter, inevitable and eternal. While she professes a love for long drives and ice-cream sodas, Betty has had little opportunity to experiment with a life of leisure. On a day off she recently went to three double-feature movies in a row.

There are few major problems in the life of Betty Kuzmeek beyond those of living down her nickname "Lizzie," keeping her hair in shape after its nightly wettings and choosing a perfume. Her current favorite is Evening in Paris, considerably more expensive than the mascara, eye-brown pencil and Flame-Glo lipstick which thrifty Betty buys at the 5 & 10. From time to time she picks up a newspaper to satisfy her curiosity concerning world events. But this can be tiring, and as she says, "I read the headlines, I get the idea what's going on and I turn to the funnies." She is a devout Catholic and places a heavy reliance on the power of prayer. Having repeated the standard ones every night before retiring, she adds a specialty of her own: "... and may Jean Harlow, Rose de Deo, Uncle Lasky, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, His Holiness Pope Pius the Eleventh and little Joann Kuzmeek rest in everlasting peace."

Whether from caution or a yearning for the McCoy in romance, Betty in fact conducts herself according to a moral code that would do honor to a bishop. While her family was never strict about dates she has never, in her own terms, "gone steady" because, she explains, "I'm awful fickle." There have been beaux—an American Express car pusher at the Fair, a couple of girl friends' brothers and an usher at an Atlantic City movie house. With the latter she corresponded weakly, but Betty is both choosy and bored with traditional sophisticated romantic procedure. Love is not going to knock lightly at the door of Betty Kuzmeek. It is going to beat it down, with no small talk. Meanwhile she advises potential suitors that she doesn't like fellers that just talk about themselves all the time.

The first time Betty entered the Venus bed, she says, her muscles all grew tight and she shook violently. As for the spectators, she says, "They looked like hungry wolves." Today Betty is completely happy in the bed, and as for the tank, says, "The most healthy work you can do is swimming." She thinks it's good for the facial expression because you're so relaxed.

Betty has at this time but one major concern. Her mother has been once to the Midway, even visited 20,000 Legs Under the Sea where with shocked disapproval she dimly noted a girl on the Venus bed. Sooner or later Mrs. Mary Kuzmeek is going to make the interesting discovery that her daughter Elizabeth Margaret is the girl in the Venus bed.

Betty offstage visits her duck-farming family, has little time for boy friends.

Heaviest date so far was this young law-school graduate, once a movie usher.



BRASS TACKS and STERLING SILVER



PEG ANDERSON is a person who believes in getting down to cases about her day-dreams.

Any smart couple, she thinks, with a good grip on their purse strings and a barrel of plain intelligence, can have good things while they're young.

Peg and her husband want sterling silver—not some day when they're rich and old, but now, while their social careers are in the making.

For less than the price of a new radio, or about \$100, Peg figures, she can get a whole chest of International's beautiful solid Sterling. Enough to set six places, from soup through dessert! And her jeweler will help her spread the payments out conveniently.

Or, she can start with one place setting at \$16.75—add more settings as she saves.

Your jeweler can suggest many low-budget plans for acquiring International Sterling. Talk to him. Then, you and your husband put two wise heads together, and make your dreams come true!



One place setting . . . for \$16.75



INTERNATIONAL STERLING

Master Craftsmen for Five Generations*



GUARD your dog from life-shortening tooth trouble. He needs the vigorous gnawing exercise and the abundance of vitamins that Red Heart Dog Biscuits provide. Red Heart Dog Biscuits are made of fresh meat, meat and bone scraps, marrow meat and bone, dry skimmed milk, fresh egg yolk, cereals, malt, and wheat germ.

FREE! Michael von Motz's Official Obedience Rules actually followed at famed Chicago Kennels. Write John Morrell & Co., Dept. B47, Oshkosh, Iowa.



"THIS HEADACHE'S DRIVING ME GOOFY!"



"Hurry Up With STANBACK!"

For headache and nerve tension due to headache, STANBACK gives really quick, really gentle relief! You need to know STANBACK. Get a package and try it the very next time you have headache, neuralgia, muscular aches or similar pains. You'll be mighty glad you did!

At Drug Dealers
10¢ & 25¢



Follow package directions. For frequent headaches, see a doctor.



IN 1905 CARNEGIE (LEFT FOREGROUND) INSPECTS RAILROAD TUNNEL, NOW PART OF TURNPIKE



OLD ALLEGHENY TUNNEL, DISUSED 15 YEARS, WAS FATE REPAIR. A NEW ONE HAD TO BE DRILLED

Pennsylvania Capitol is 16 miles from turnpike, where retarding words like these will not be seen.

Eastern terminus of turnpike joins with U. S. Route 11 (with car, below). Entry lane to the turnpike is at right, exit lane at left.



SUPER-HIGHWAY

THE PITTSBURGH-HARRISBURG TURNPIKE, NOW 93% COMPLETED, TO OPEN IN FALL

In the World's Fair *Futurama* and in his book *Magic Motorways*, Norman Bel Geddes foresees a North America spanned by super-highways on which cars roar from coast to coast in 24 hours, unimpeded by red lights, curves or crossings. Over 70% of U. S. roads today are obsolete or shockingly out of repair. But in Pennsylvania last week an army of men and machines hurried to complete by Labor Day the nearest thing to a Magic Motorway this land has ever seen.

Begin late in 1938, now more than 93% complete, the \$70,000,000 Pittsburgh-Harrisburg Turnpike cuts 160 miles through mountain ranges that have historically hindered the westward wanderings of Indians, woodsmen and engineers. Trans-State routes now in use—the Lincoln and William Penn highways—twist tortuously over these rugged ridges. The new turnpike knifes through them in seven tunnels totaling nearly seven miles in length. It is the longest four-lane divided highway in the U. S.

In this great turnpike's 160 miles, there is no grade steeper than 3% (climbing 3 ft. in every 100 ft.), no curve that cannot be taken at 90 m.p.h. More than two-thirds of the route is straightaway. On the Lincoln Highway between Pittsburgh and Harrisburg there are 951 crossings and intersections. On the turnpike there are none. Interchanges are equipped with acceleration and deceleration lanes 1,200 ft. in length. Because of its many safety factors, eliminating 90% of accident causes, the turnpike will have no speed limit. Engineers set 70 m.p.h. as a safe and economical average for the Pittsburgh-Harrisburg run.

The route the turnpike travels was first surveyed in 1837 when Pennsylvania planned a Pittsburgh-Harrisburg railroad. During the next four decades the South Penn line was revived and killed a dozen times. Finally in 1883 the New York Central's William H. Vanderbilt, then waging bitter war with the Pennsylvania R. R., organized a company to build the South Penn line paralleling Pennsy's northern route. Andrew Carnegie raised \$5,000,000 and 3,000 laborers went to work in the mountains. Two years later Vanderbilt sold out to the Pennsylvania R. R. Work was abandoned and grades and tunnels left to the ravages of time.

These half-drilled tunnels determined super-highway's route. In 1938 rights to them were acquired from Pennsylvania R. R. for \$2,000,000. Turnpike funds came from PWA grant of \$29,250,000; RFC loan of \$40,800,000 to be amortized by tolls. Passenger car fares for full distance: \$1.50; trucks \$4-\$10 depending on weight.



TURNPIKE SLASHES THROUGH APPALACHIANS, SOUTH OF PENNSY

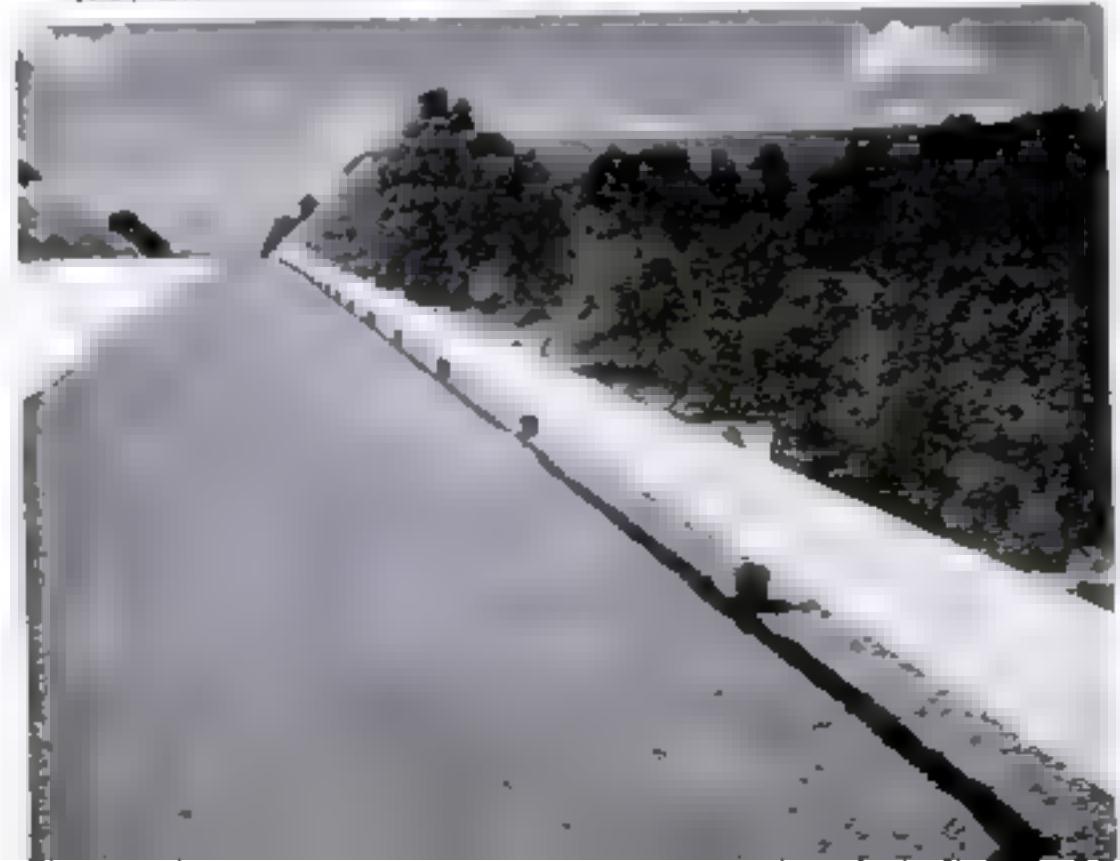
Rigid frame concrete bridge spans the turnpike near Harrisburg. There are 812 bridges on the turnpike and no crossings at grade.





THE TURNPIKE'S LONGEST STRAIGHTAWAY, THIS BIG TANGENT SPEEDS 13 MI. ACROSS FIELDS & FARMS. ON THIS RIBBON, 78 FT. WIDE, PLANES COULD LAND IN TIME OF WAR

Guard fences of new type skirt road edge. Low, with posts in rear, they defter wheels back into the lane without tearing car bodies.



Steepest grade on the turnpike is a 3% grade like the one shown here 74 mi. outside Harrisburg. The Lincoln Highway has 9 7/8% grades.



"Little Panama" Cut is 133 ft. deep and 2,000 ft. long. 700,000 lb. dynamite were used blasting it.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Super-highway (continued)



Two years ago huge machines were gnawing a way through tough hilly woods. Here you see a preliminary operation in the 800-ft. open stretch between Blue Mt. and Kittatinny tunnels.



Alliquippa Gap, only opening in this Allegheny ridge for 50 mi. north or south, has been called the "Red Man's Gateway to the West." Here the super-highway follows ancient Indian trails.

Midway Station, 80 miles from each terminus, has a restaurant with tables for 120, beds for 50.

Allegheny Tunnel, 121 mi. from Harrisburg, acquires concrete facade. Portal house contains fan system, fire apparatus, tow truck.

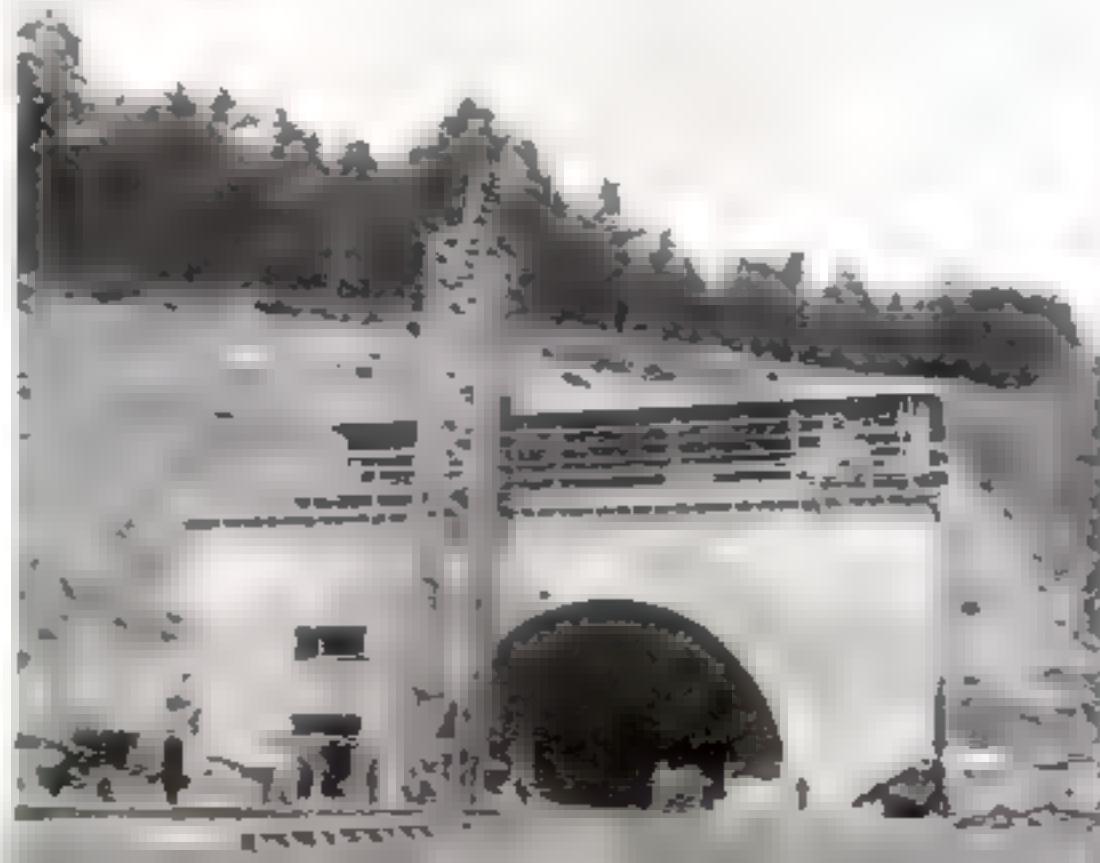
Highest point on highway is attained at the top of this grade, in Laurel Hill Tunnel, 142 mi. from Harrisburg, 2,491 ft. above sea level.



The big tangent outside Harrisburg stretches for 13 miles, straight as an arrow, to the Blue Ridge in the west. Here viewed from a hedge, it points toward east portal of Blue Mt. tunnel.



Inside Allegheny tunnel, deep in the heart of the range, workmen clean the new concrete. Second longest of the super-highway's seven tunnels, it races under Allegheny Mt. for 6,070 ft.





"The Lady Contractor," Margaret McNally, has charge of paving 25 one-lane miles outside Bedford. A graduate civil engineer, she is the turnpike's only female boss.



Profilemeter detects bumps in new-laid slabs. Engineer Eugene Martin (left) and crew will eventually walk this instrument over all the turnpike's 040 one-lane miles.

Pittsburgh end of turnpike connects with Lincoln Highway (running transversely in this picture) 21 miles from the Golden Triangle. Ticket booths are now going up.



Good Gins
deserve
White Rock
all other Gins
need it

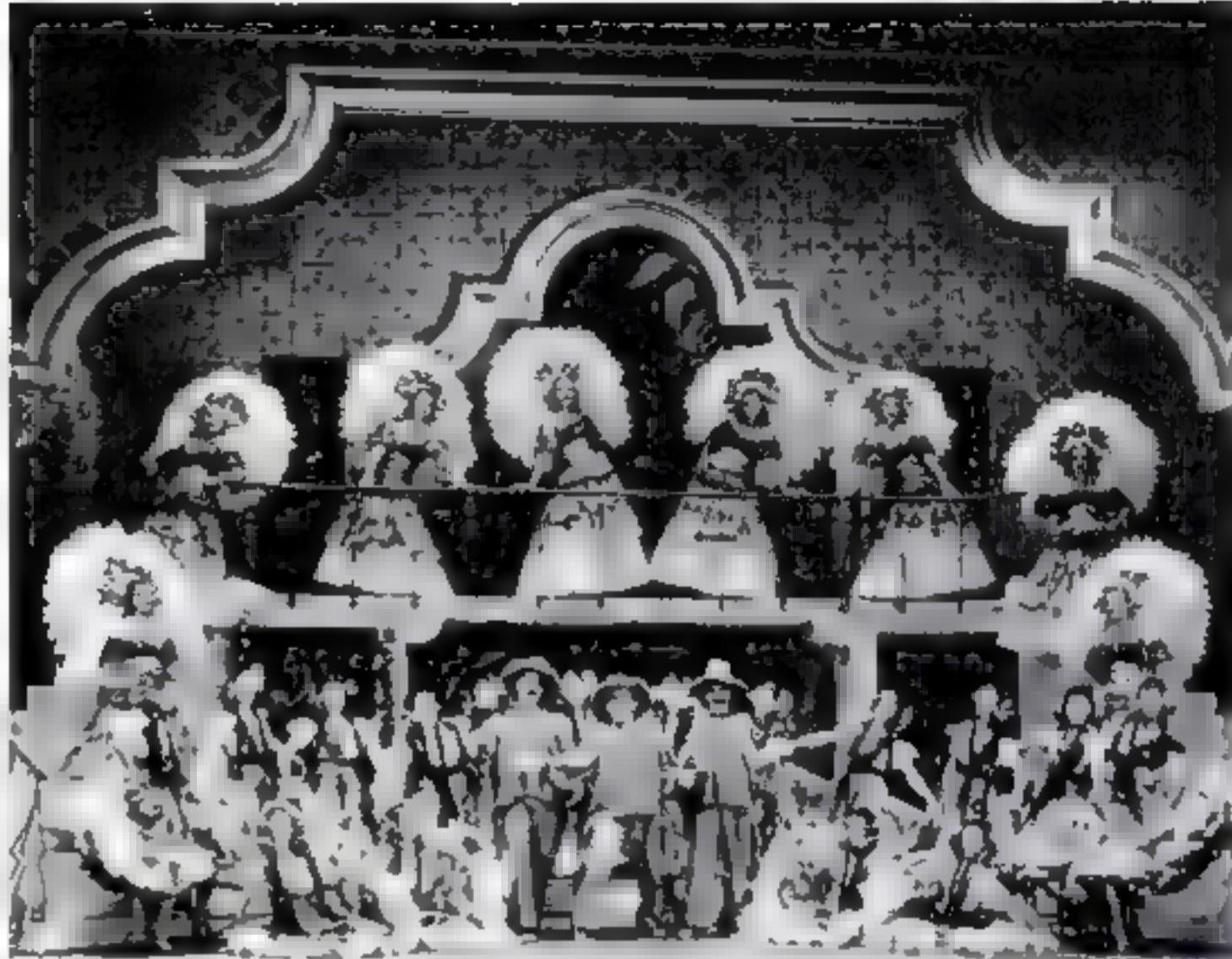


Not bottled, carbonated
local tap water



— but pure mineral
spring water that
improves your drink.

THEATER



GIRLS IN MEXICAN HEADDRESS HELP PUT OVER TROPICAL LOVE SONG

JOLSON COMES BACK IN NEW MUSICAL

As rival entertainment, Al Jolson brought his new musical to Chicago on opening day of the Democratic Convention. Called *Hold on to Your Hats*, Jolson's show ran more smoothly than its rival, thanks to a two-weeks tryout in Detroit, was conspicuously superior for its songs and girls. It goes to Broadway this fall.

To make his first stage appearance since *Wonder Bar* (1931), Jolson produced his own show, invested his own \$100,000 and hired his ex-wife, Ruby Keeler, to star with him. Under Al's affectionate eye, Ruby sings and dances modestly, leaves the heavier work to Martha Raye from Hollywood whose ample talents, both musical and muscular, keep the customers happy.

Beat moments of the show arrive when Jolson forgets plot-nonsense about a radio cowboy at a dude ranch and steps to the footlights to sing his past song hits: *April Showers*, *California*, *Here I Come*, Gershwin's *Swanee*. With all the Jolson hokum, arm-waving and eye-rolling that everybody knows, he still sends a tune ringing to the rafters, incontrovertibly brings down the house.

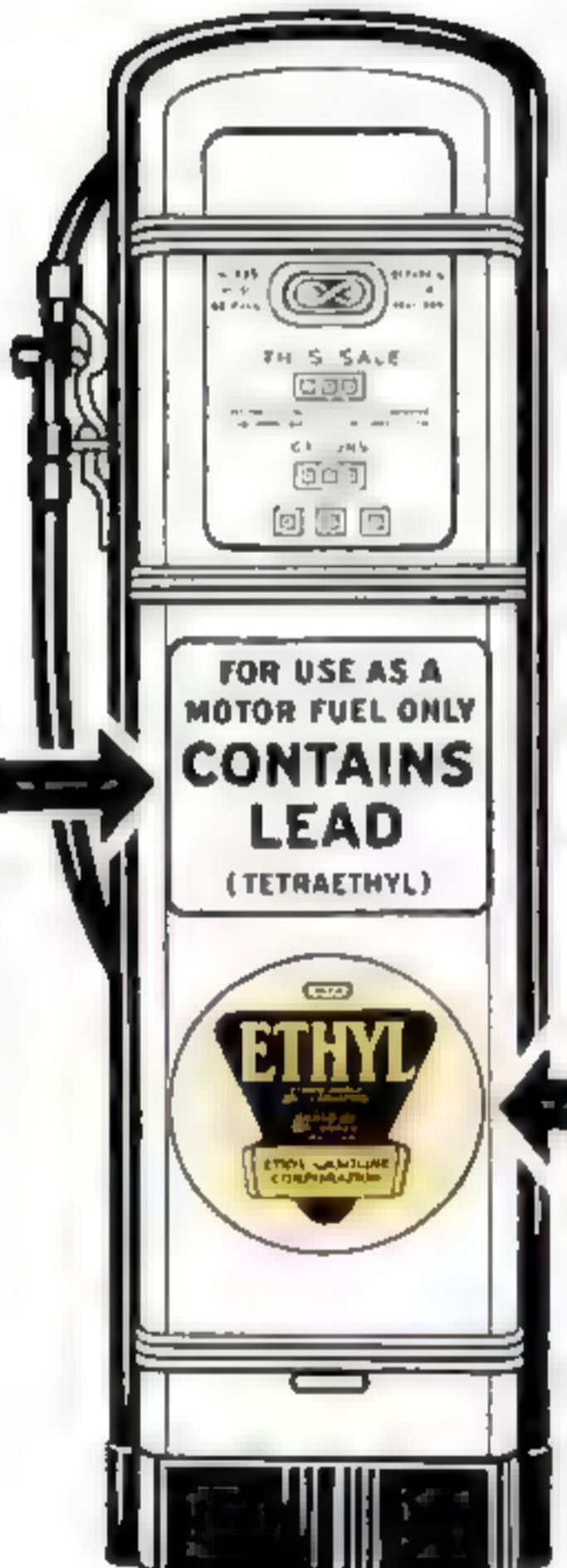


"Jinx" Falkenburg, dancer and showgirl in *Hold on to Your Hats*, has lived in Chile and Brazil, played bit parts in Hollywood, posed for ten recent magazine covers.



Here are the signs of improved gasoline

THIS SIGN on a gasoline pump means that lead (tetraethyl), a liquid, has been added to the gasoline to improve its anti-knock quality. "Leaded" gasoline is sold by dealers throughout the United States and Canada. Lead tetraethyl is manufactured by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.



THE "ETHYL" EMBLEM on a pump or its globe means that: 1. The gasoline contains enough lead (tetraethyl) for highest anti-knock. 2. It is your gasoline dealer's finest motor fuel. 3. It permits you to have your engine's spark advanced closest to the point of maximum power and economy, without "knock" or "ping."

The better the gas — the better your car!



CAN-CAN NUMBER IS HIGH POINT IN RICH PRODUCTION BY RAQUEL DU BOIS



Jolson sings to his ex-wife, Ruby Keeler. Song called *Don't Let It Get You Down* describes the joys and headaches of love. Jolson sings it feelingly but without remorse.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Inside information for car owners

IMAGINE the plots that would be hatched if the lights in this prison had the habit of failing without warning. Why don't they fail? Why don't desperate men get the "break" of sudden darkness?

Because—the normal source of important lighting is supplemented by an emergency lighting system powered by Exide Batteries. Many schools, hospitals, theatres, stores—wherever constant light is vital—are also Exide-equipped. If, for any one of many unavoidable reasons beyond control of the ever vigilant utility companies, the regular current fails, the Exide Batteries go automatically into action.

If Exides can be depended upon for such important applications of emergency lighting, surely you can rely on them to start your car. Since all automobile batteries look pretty much alike, avoid

guesswork; be guided by the proved dependability of Exide in buying a new one for your car.

But never buy any battery before you are sure you need a new one. Good batteries as well as worn-out batteries run down. You can be sure if you have yours tested on the Exide Sure-Start Tester, a new scientific instrument that shows a battery's true condition. This test is free. Look for the Exide Dealer Sign—symbol of honest service.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO., Philadelphia . . . The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto



WHEN IT'S AN
Exide YOU START

"Hold on to Your Hats" (continued)



IT'S SO GOOD ... SO LONG

because it is mixed with
flavor through and through



In the Beech-Nut kitchens the finest flavors are mixed through and through so that you may enjoy each piece of Beech-Nut Gum for a longer time. There are seven delicious varieties:

Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum
4 Flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

Beech-Nut Gum

GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR?

Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of New York, stop at Conajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.



Martha Raye meets Jolson for the first time at a radio studio in New York where he broadcasts on a phony cowboy program. Martha is a husky maiden from the West.



Martha gets her man not by sly Eastern tactics but by honest Western approach of a bronco-buster. She tells Al she is an innocent lass of 14, catches him unaware.



"You're not 14," says Jolson with conviction after Martha's friendly hug. He is so invigorated by her wholesome friendship he goes West with her, captures bandits.

Outerbridge

9 OUT OF EVERY 10
OF MY CUSTOMERS

BUY FRESHLY GROUND
A&P COFFEE

- EIGHT O'CLOCK
- RED CIRCLE
- BOKAR

... and do they know coffee? They know that A&P Coffee is good from start (the plantation) to finish (the coffee cup) because we not only select the best, but we get it to each customer just the way she wants it. Do I know how she wants it? Sure thing—freshly ground so she gets all the fine, full flavor she pays for—and correctly ground for her own coffee pot, so she doesn't lose any of that magnificent flavor when she makes it.

Why don't you come in and see me today at your nearest A&P Food Store—choose one of our satisfying blends of coffee.

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES



MAGNIFICENT FLAVOR—HOT OR ICED



THIS EXTRA BENEFIT COSTS NO MORE!

Now, for you and your family, Post Toasties offer a vitally important benefit—at no extra cost! For the new Post Toasties bring you the full amount of precious Vitamin B1 that nature puts in choicest white corn!

Millions of Americans have always known

Post Toasties as the crisp, delicious corn flakes with the rich, *real-corn* flavor. And today, Post Toasties give you this same tempting taste—plus the full Vitamin B1 content of choice white corn—nature's richest corn source of this precious food element. Today, a regular one-ounce serving of the new Post Toasties with milk gives up to $\frac{1}{2}$ the amount of Vitamin B1 required daily by young children— $\frac{1}{3}$ the amount required by adults and older children.

And Post Toasties are the ONLY CORN FLAKES that give you this important Vitamin B1 benefit!

So get a big package of delicious Post Toasties today—and tomorrow give your family this tempting breakfast treat that helps give them the essential energy vitamin they need!

IMPORTANT NOTE: The new Post Toasties, containing the full, original Vitamin B1 value of choice white corn, have been shipped to grocers throughout the country for over two months. If you haven't tried Post Toasties recently—get a big package at your grocer's now!

Copyright, General Foods Corp., 1944

YOU NEED IT EVERY DAY!



Because it is an essential "protective food," everyone should have sufficient Vitamin B1 daily, say authorities. And the new Post Toasties, with the full Vitamin B1 value of choice white corn, are an easy, delicious way to help supply your daily need for this precious energy vitamin. So make it a *daily habit* to enjoy a big, tempting bowlful of Post Toasties!



3 OUT OF 4 FAMILIES need more Vitamin B1—nutrition authorities warn. Many of the conditions above, they say, may be due to lack of this important food factor in our daily diet. And because the body constantly uses up appreciable amounts of Vitamin B1—*you need this energy-producing element every day!*

FOOD IS THE NATURAL, wholesome way to get your Vitamin B1—authorities agree. But, unfortunately, Vitamin B1 is often lost in the preparation of foods. However, science has found a way to restore this precious vitamin to many of our favorite foods. Read below how you can now get more Vitamin B1 daily!



A Post Cereal made by General Foods

VALUE ADDED TO VALUE

Post Toasties have always brought you outstanding value among ready-to-eat cereals. That's because Post Toasties cost far less per ounce than most of the popular brands on your grocer's shelf—only half as much as some. For proof compare the *net weight and price* of Post Toasties with other leading cold cereals. You'll find, on the average, you get 4½ ounces more for every dime you spend—*4 big extra servings of Post Toasties at no extra cost!*

And now, *adding value to value*, Post Toasties bring you what no other corn

flakes offer—full Vitamin B1 value of choicest white corn . . . an amount per serving with milk equal to $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ the daily requirement. And Post



Toasties give you this extra benefit not only *at no extra cost* but actually at a saving over many other cold cereals!

ENJOY POST TOASTIES DAILY—THE ONLY CORN FLAKES CONTAINING VITAMIN B1



3,400 MILES DUE EAST OF ATLANTIC CITY LIES THE PICTURESQUE FISHING VILLAGE OF NAZARÉ. MUCH OF PORTUGAL HAS LONG MADE ITS LIVING FROM THE SEA

PORtUGAL

Once a Pope divided the whole New World between Portugal and Spain. In the 15th and 16th Centuries, Portuguese explorers, led by Vasco da Gama, opened up the Americas, Africa and Asia, gave their tongue to great Brazil and claimed an empire whose sizable remnant Portugal still rules. But no empire ever had a briefer term of glory. Portugal declined so fast and so far that the rest of Europe and America almost forgot it.

This year, for first time in centuries, Portugal is important to America. It is the funnel through which pour all the exchanges—of people and messages and diplomacy—between America and Europe. The war, by cutting the lines of intercourse to northern Europe, has made Portugal what geography intended—not a faraway corner of Europe but its front door.

Momentarily Germany threatens to close that door and perhaps to wipe out the country. Portugal is a historic ally of England, a leak in the German blockade of Europe and a fine jumping-off place for attacks on Gibraltar and the shipping lanes.

Anyone who saw Portugal 15 years ago might well have said it deserved to die. It was atrociously governed, bankrupt, squalid, ridden with disease and poverty. It was such a mess that the League of Nations coined a word to describe the absolute low in national welfare: "Portuguese." Then the Army

overthrew the Republic which had brought the country to this sorry pass and gave Portugal a benevolent ruler: Salazar. By far the world's best dictator, he is also the greatest Portuguese since Prince Henry the Navigator, father of the Explorations.

Portugal is a tough assignment for a dictator. Its gentle, obliging people are great on plans and dreams but they have no push. After winning a vast empire they let two-thirds of it slip away and to this day

THE WAR HAS MADE IT EUROPE'S FRONT DOOR

they get nothing of value out of the rest. Their inclination is to sit and take what comes. Long ago they drove out the Moors but retained a strong Oriental influence—on architecture, complexions and the attitude toward women. They imported Negro slaves—and in a few generations completely assimilated them. Content with little, they like to eat late, stay up half the night and sit around sipping cheap wine, listening to the sad, sentimental songs called *fados*.

Portugal is still terribly poor. Despite Salazar's best efforts, 70% of the population is still illiterate. The common people live on fish, bread and wine and two-thirds of them go barefoot. But the contrast between lovely green-and-white landscape and human degradation is no longer painful to behold. So far has Portugal climbed in twelve years that this summer, in the midst of the European holocaust, it is dauntlessly holding a World's Fair. The little country has its head high and it deserves a break.

It probably will not get one. Salazar stood by Britain so long as he dared but since Italy entered the war he has leaned towards the Axis. The dictator is an admirer of Mussolini and his country shares the Iberian Peninsula with a big Fascist neighbor, Spain. Dr. Salazar will need all his wisdom and cunning to get Portugal safely out of its present fix and keep it on the road of progress and self-respect.



VASCO DA GAMA IS BURIED IN A LISBON CONVENT



Dr. Salazar plays father to two little girls who live in the prime minister's house to keep him from loneliness. This is four-year-old Maria Antonia, daughter of a government clerk. Salazar was the son of a farmer and the legend is that when he was

in college he fell in love with the owner's daughter but was turned down because of his low birth. He took the vow of chastity and has remained a bachelor ever since. He believes that a head of state should consecrate himself to the

public welfare and have no family to distract him. Once, when the other little girl was ill and he stayed up at night to watch over her, Salazar said next morning: "You see, I was right about a family. Today I am too tired to do good work."



The President, General Carmona, acts like a king and is so treated. He and other officers overthrew the Republic in 1926 and installed Salazar.

THE DICTATOR HAS BUILT THE NATION

Most of what is good in modern Portugal can be credited to Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, erstwhile finance professor at the University of Coimbra. The dictator is everything that most Portuguese are not—calm, silent, ascetic, Puritanical, a glutton for work, cool to women. He found a country in chaos and poverty. He has balanced the budget, built roads and schools, torn down slums, cut the death rate and enormously raised Portuguese self-esteem. Unambitious, Salazar took the dictatorship by Army request and holds it by popular will. He gets his way by use of a threat like Greta Garbo's: "I think I go back to Coimbra."

The Salazar dictatorship is easygoing and paternalistic, with wide freedom of speech allowed its enemies. Salazar bases his political theory on the doctrines of the Popes and is hailed by Rome as the perfect Catholic statesman. His ideal is a strong, stable state with a square deal for all classes but limited freedom of opportunity. It is a gentler version of Italy's corporative state, more akin to the guild system of the late Middle Ages than to democratic capitalism. Friends of democracy may deplore Salazar the Dictator but they cannot deny that under the Republic Portugal made an unholy mess of itself and that Salazar pulled it out.

Cardinal Cerejeira was Salazar's college roommate at Coimbra. In this strong Catholic country his power is second only to that of the dictator's.



The schools are better since Salazar took over and illiteracy is down from 90% to 70%. These 7-year-olds live in a little village of the north, reached by a

narrow lane winding between stone walls. They get some arithmetic, much religion. Most of them regard shoes as something to wear to church Sundays.



A day nursery looks after the poor children of Lisbon while their mothers work. They are scrubbed and given a change of clothes each morning. Below:

every boy between 10 and 14 must join the *Maccabees* youth legion, give the straight-arm salute. *Maccabees* boys are much the cleanest and healthiest in Portugal.



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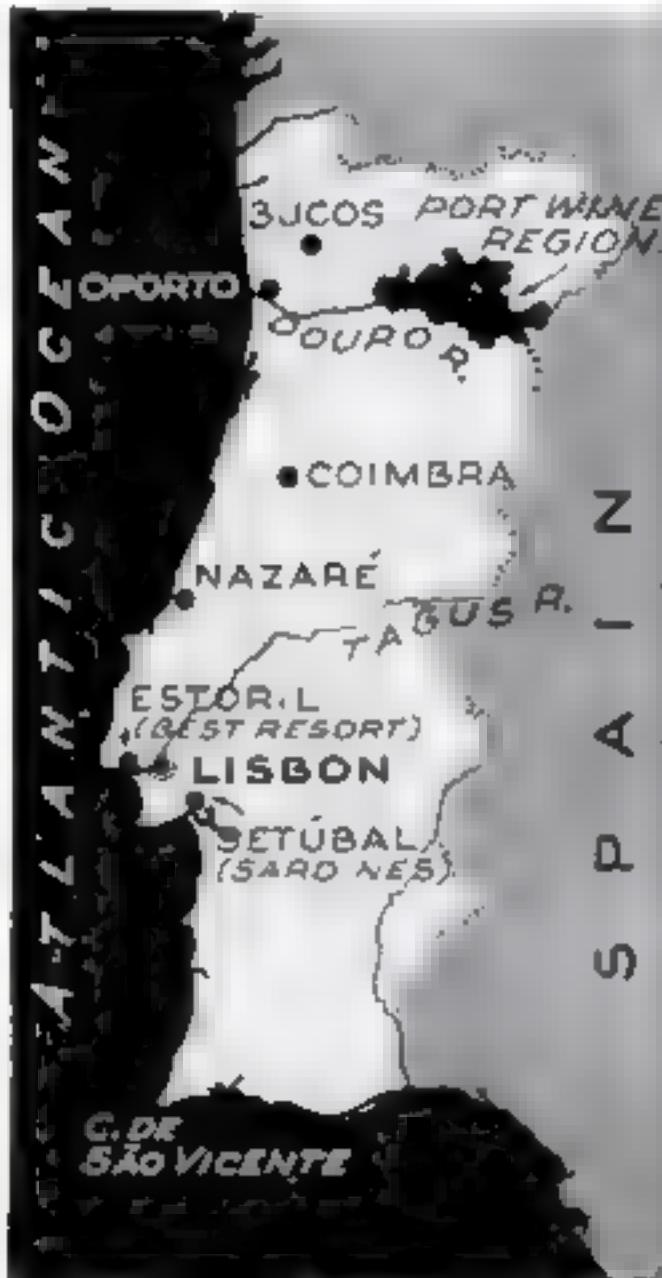


PORT WINE COMES FROM THE UPPER VALLEY OF THE DOURO, WHERE EVERY INCH OF STEEP HILLSIDE IS TERRACED AND PLANTED. THE ROCKIER THE SOIL THE BETTER THE PORT.

PORt WINE IS ITS FAMOUS PRODUCT

Wine is Portugal's biggest export product and its best advertisement to the world. By law and by treaty with England, no wine can be called port unless it is pressed from grapes grown in the upper valley of the Douro River and is shipped from the port of Oporto. The port-wine industry is owned by a few old families whose heads run the city and are the closest thing to big businessmen in Portugal.

As commercial capital of the north, Oporto is not so strong for the Salazar regime as is Lisbon. Its businessmen complain bitterly of Salazar's taxes and tend to be monarchist. Now that Lisbon regime is leaning to the Axis, Oporto is further disaffected, for the kings of port are close to the British. Two things that have tied Portugal to England are the Portuguese empire, which exists by courtesy of the British fleet, and port wine. England drinks 75% of all the vintage wine exported, hence anything that came between Englishmen and their port would ruin Oporto. Germans have no taste for port at all.



Port wine region, 60 mi. by 30 mi. is rigidly fixed by law. It follows a geologic formation that makes special schistose soil.



The wine comes down the Douro on river boats. After two years in wine lodges at Oporto, the best (vintage) is shipped to England. Rest is aged in casks to become "ruby" port (2 yr.) or "tawny" port (6 to 8 yr.).

OPORTO, SECOND CITY OF PORTUGAL, STEEPLY ENCRUSTS THE NORTH BANK OF THE DOURO.

IT, UNLIKE BRIGHT LISBON IS A DINGY CITY OF NARROW HOUSES.





IN 1868 THE PHYLOXERA KILLED ALL THE DOURO VINES AND RUINED THE VALLEY. NOW EACH SEPARATE VINE IS GRAFTED ONTO STURDY AMERICAN STOCK WHICH RESISTS DISEASE



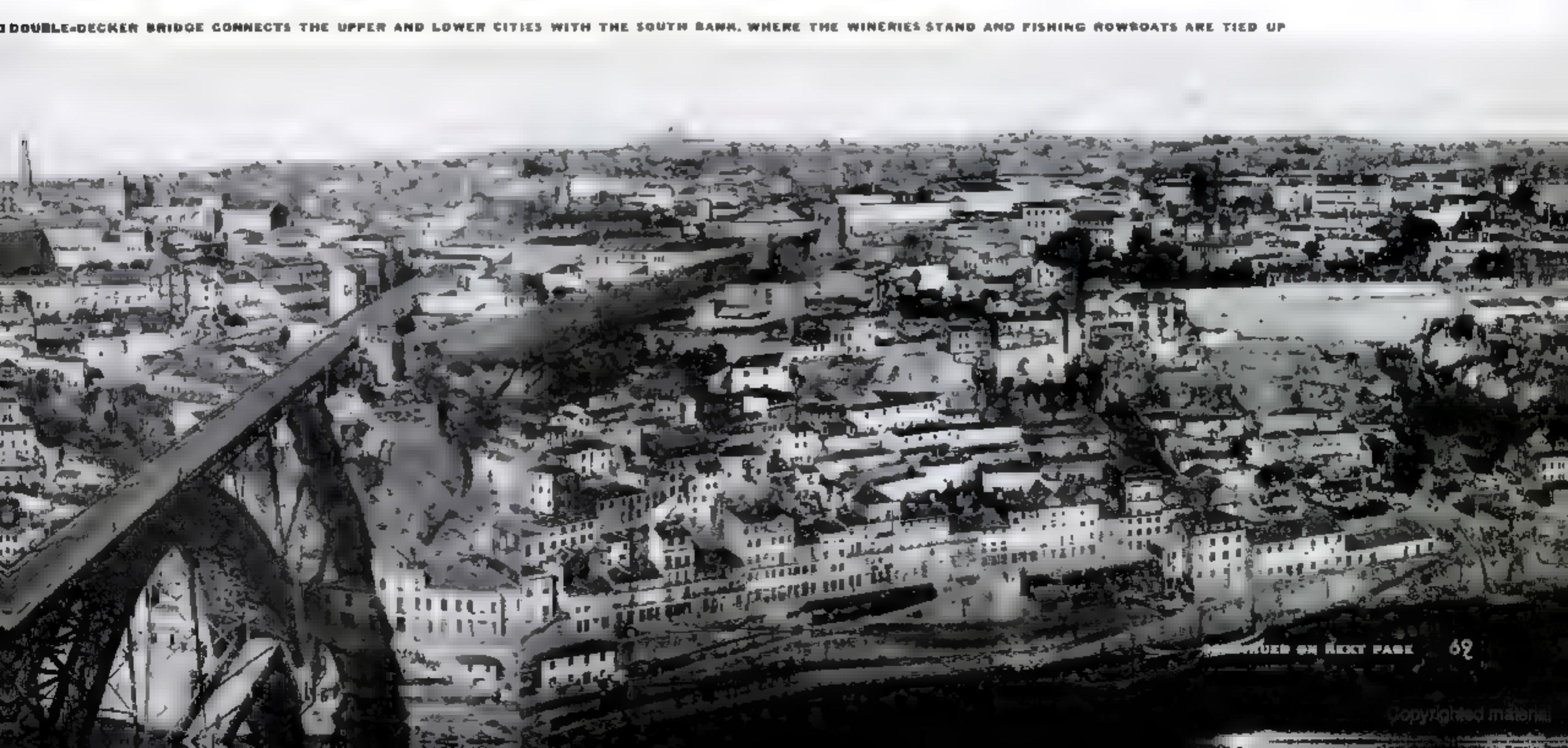
DOUBLE-DECKER BRIDGE CONNECTS THE UPPER AND LOWER CITIES WITH THE SOUTH BANK, WHERE THE WINERIES STAND AND FISHING ROWBOATS ARE TIED UP



Wine casks weighing 160 lb. empty are carried with ease by women. It took four men to lift this cask onto her head. Like half of Oporto, she is barefoot.



The Chamber of Tasters of the Port Wine Institute must pass each lot. In this gleaming white hall they solemnly sip the wine and then eject it into glorified spittoons.



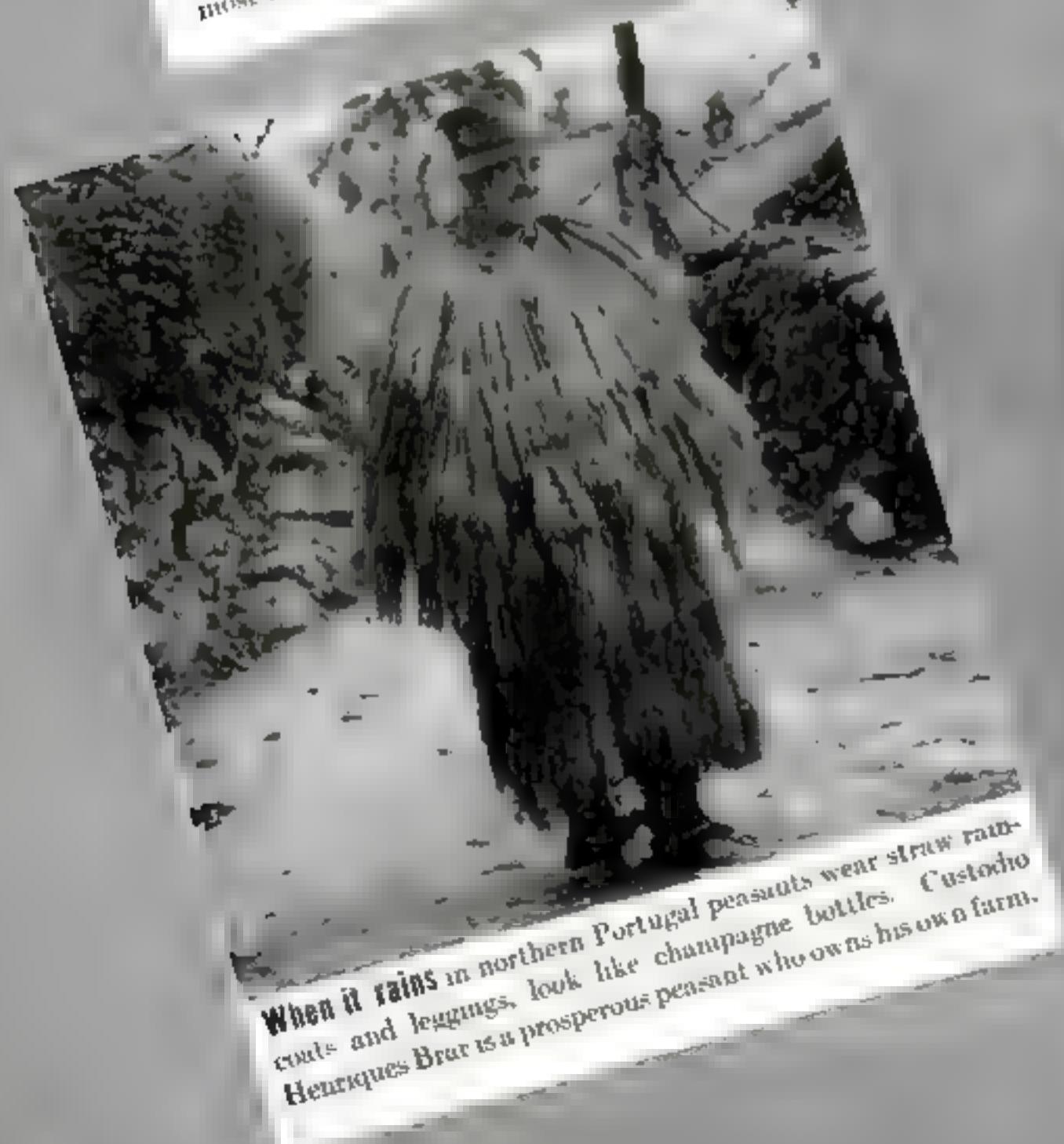
THE COUNTRY IS BEAUTIFUL



The top movie star of Portugal is Maria Domingos, 18, daughter of a fine fashion family. She made a big hit in her first picture, *Joao Raulo*, this year. Portuguese films have a good market in Brazil.



Under a cork tree a herd of goats graze. Portugal is the world's No. 1 producer of cork. The bark is stripped from the trees every eight years and most of it is exported in bales; the rest is kept for manufacture into stoppers.



When it rains in northern Portugal peasants wear straw rain-coats and leggings, look like champagne bottles. Custodio Henrique Braga is a prosperous peasant who owns his own farm.



Lisbon's magnificent harbor is on the Tagus River, nine miles from the coast. In the foreground above are a sardine fishing boat and the U. S. destroyer *Dickerson*, which was at Lisbon until this month. From this harbor the Spanish Armada sailed. Here da Gama was welcomed home and here the Choppers now land.



"Fado" singers are Lisbon's favorite evening entertainment. Fado fans sit and listen to sad songs of love and death like U. S. "cats" listening to swing.



Village priest is the real power in rural Portugal. Padre António de Moura walks many miles to conduct mass, visit the



The rich are buried in this cemetery outside Lisbon in tombs built like little houses along a road. Inside, the coffins are laid on shelves, along with little altars, flowers, crucifixes and pictures of the dead. A sad and pious people, the Portuguese people like songs and literature about death.

THE PEOPLE SAD AND GENTLE



At Guimarães Castle, Portugal was born. From this stronghold, Henry of Burgundy and his son Alfonso Henriques sallied forth against the Moors, drove them south and established an independent kingdom of Portugal in 1139. Newly restored, Guimarães is the center of the old Portuguese rural aristocracy.



BUCK, preside over marriages and funerals. Friendly and intelligent, he likes good food and wine, rolls his own cigarettes.



Sardines are second biggest export product. The plant where these women work ships 4,000,000 cans a year. The Portuguese prefer Newfoundland cod.



A cable car climbs one of the eleven steep hills on which Lisbon is built. This is probably the safest street in the city because it has no room for automobiles. All taxis in Lisbon are driven by wind men. The most essential word for a foreigner to know is *de l'agoa!* (slow down!)



Gate of a "quinta" (landed estate) is guarded by a horseman in native dress now reserved for holidays and buffights. *Quinta* fifties are so named because landlords took a fifth of tenants' produce for rent.



In the "quinta" garage the owner keeps all of the family's old carriages and two automobiles, a 25-year-old Almerra and a Peerless. The father of the present owner spent the last 16 years of his life in a clothes closet.



A fisherwoman carries her load on her head by universal custom. A recent law forbids women to go barefoot in the city of Lisbon so to get around it many of them now wear one shoe.



In the Venus garden, the Countess and her daughter Maria Louisa entertain Dona Maria Jo
Carino de Azevedo Coutinho (with umbrella). Dona Maria is the sister of Joao de Azevedo
Coutinho, a Portuguese hero for his deeds in Africa, who represents the exiled Pretender.

ARISTOCRATS LIVE QUIETLY IN GLORIOUS PAST

Portugal's aristocracy, a relic of royalist days, lives in deep seclusion, playing no part in business or government, putting about its gardens, raising horses for the bull ring in Lisbon. In other days its members used to splurge wildly in Paris but few can now afford that.

The Count and Countess da Torre, shown here, live in a handsome Lisbon palace. In his youth the

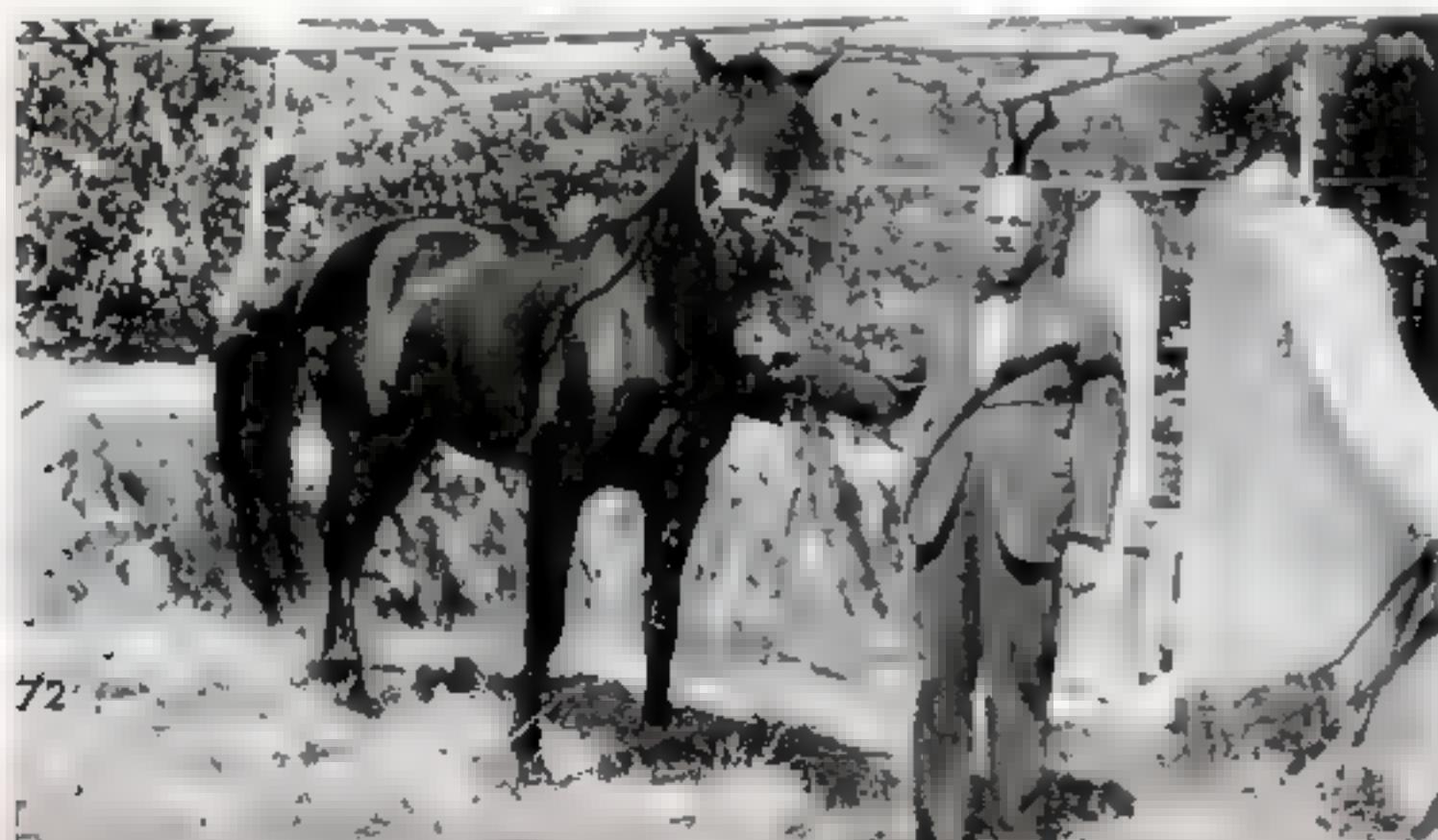
count was one of three brothers who made themselves famous by picking fights in the Lisbon slums with knife-carrying desperadoes called *fadiatas*. At 57, he still keeps his hand in and, on the first day LIFE called, was in court settling a dispute about a fist fight. It is said that when a commoner asked for his daughter's hand he beat the young man to a bloody pulp (but then permitted the marriage). The Count, who is also Marquis of Fronteira and Alorna gets most of his income from a large ranch near the Spanish border where his tenant farmers raise cork, rice and olives. He also owns some land and a house in India, which he has never seen.

The Salazar regime, with its ideal of a stable, stratified society, has left the large Portuguese landowners in possession of their estates. Without great wealth, the upper class lives very well, paying great attention to dining, wining and sleeping. For lunch a Lisbon businessman often has three separate fish

courses, which are followed by a rouse and dessert.

The Portuguese attitude toward women reflects the Oriental influence. Upper-class men never introduce their wives to casual or business acquaintances and upper-class women do not go out except to friends' homes, the National Theater and, daringly, to the Casino Bar at Estoril. Even at Estoril, the country's top resort, the British and Spanish have long predominated. On the opposite page are the Countess da Torre, famed in her youth as a great beauty, and her daughter Maria Louisa who married the commoner. They are sitting in the Yellow Hall of their palace, beneath large portraits of the first Marquis of Fronteira and Alorna, founder of the family, and his Marchioness. A fighting man like the present Count, this gentleman helped free Portugal from the Spanish yoke and fought a famous duel with Don Juan de Austria during the decisive battle of Almoxal in 1603. In the shadow of heroes like this, aristocratic Portugal still dreams idly of the old brief years of its greatness.

Count da Torre raises fighting horses and bulls for the ring in Lisbon and used to ride in the ring himself. This was a favorite mount. Both his sons now follow this aristocratic hobby.



Gallery of Kings is filled with panels depicting the knights who fought against Spain in the war of independence (1640). Niches along the Gallery contain busts of the kings of Portugal, who ruled until the Republic in 1910. The present Pretender, Prince de Braganza, lives in Austria.

In a bull ring on the palace grounds, horses are trained with bulls. In soft-hearted Portugal, the bull is never killed. The fighters, frequently on horseback, simply thrust darts into his back.







ON EASTER SUNDAY, WHICH FELL ON MARCH 24, THE CHAMPS ELYSEES IN PARIS WAS GAY AND CROWDED. HITLER'S WAR SEEMED FAR, FAR AWAY

EUROPE IN THE SPRING

AN AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT REPORTS ON A CONTINENT'S LAST DAYS OF FREEDOM

by CLARE BOOTH

If you had been in England and France in March and April and early May you probably would have seen many of the same people that I saw, asked many of the same questions I asked and gotten most of the same answers that I got. And on the strength of them you probably would have reached the same conclusions I reached. (In early May they were still quite optimistic.) But, being an American, when the bombs began to fall uncomfortably close to you (as they did to me in Brussels and Paris) you would have thought first

of yourself and then of your family and both thoughts would have counselled your hasty departure from Europe. Whereupon you'd have clutched your dear red American passport firmly to your breast, gathered together your remnants of luggage and—your curiosity about "what was going to happen in Europe" quite satisfied for the time being—you'd have gotten back as best you could to your native country, revising rapidly in transit many of your optimistic conclusions. But once at home in physical security but mental torment you'd then have begun to ask yourself: what is going to happen to America? Because if you'd been there you'd surely feel what I feel now: the background of the blitzkrieg in democratic France, in democratic England, was the same background we are all living in here today in America.

The first thing I found out in Paris in early March was that everybody's *morale* was excellent. There was one phrase on everybody's lips, "*Il faut en finir*" (We must put an end to it). People said it on the streets, waiters told you so in cafes, dress-makers embroidered the motto into the corners of gay chiffon handkerchiefs, jewelers made gold charm bracelets spelling it. It was on the urgent honeyed lips of every radio commentator, it began the editorials in every paper, every politician rounded his peroration with it, and the soldiers sang it lustily in the canteens to music. We'll put an end to it! Anyone who didn't believe that was a defeatist or pro-German. (The words "Fifth Columnist" did not come into popular usage until after the invasion of Norway.)

Sometimes the French spoke of their morale as though it were something *tangible*: the "morale" of the French *poilu*, they said, "made him impervious to the longest coldest winter France has ever had." Or something negotiable like money: "The morale of the home front was such that it supplied our *poilus*, on short notice, with millions of blankets." Or functional, like an anti-tank gun, or a bomb shelter: "the morale of our troops will really begin to operate when faced with the menace of German tanks," "the morale of French civilians will protect them against any amount of the bombing of open cities." French morale was regarded as not only different in quality but in kind from German morale. "When we bomb Berlin," everybody said, "you will see how German morale will break." But: "if they bomb Paris, our morale will be hardened"

In my dictionary "politics" is defined as "the science of civil government." "War" is defined as "armed conflict." They are, I realize belatedly, two quite different things by definition. To be sure, every war, as German General Clause-

When Playwright Clare Boothe, whose letters and articles are well known to LIFE readers, returned from a four-months trip through Europe on June 12 she summed up her experiences in a book called *Europe in the Spring*, which will soon be published by Alfred Knopf. LIFE herewith presents a series of brief excerpts from *Europe in the Spring* in the belief that they constitute 1) some of the most vivid and authoritative reporting so far produced by World War II and 2) a commentary on democracy in decadence which U. S. readers will do well to ponder.

witz said long ago, has a political objective. But its tactics, its nature, are unpolitical, un-civilian. War is the bloody instrument which a state uses or is forced to use when "politics," when civilian government, fails to achieve the state's vital political objectives.

In Paris in March, nearly everybody who was talking about the "war" was not really talking about war but about politics. This was the second thing I now see, but didn't see then.

Sometimes the French cafe-pessimists and the English weekend spoil-sports said, "But suppose Hitler *really* has . . . some secret weapon?" "Now," the logical Frenchmen said, "What secret weapon could he have—besides those nose-dive bombers and tanks he used in Poland, which was a weak unprepared country and couldn't take it?" Then everybody freely speculated about gases, which might humanely put you to sleep or horribly peel you alive like a banana, and flame throwers and giant liquid air bombs, but even while they shuddered as people do always shudder at well-told horror tales, they were quickly consoled, discounting at once such Martian horrors. Hitler would have to get through the French Maginot (or Belgian Maginot) first, and by that time the British Navy's blockade would have starved him, etc.

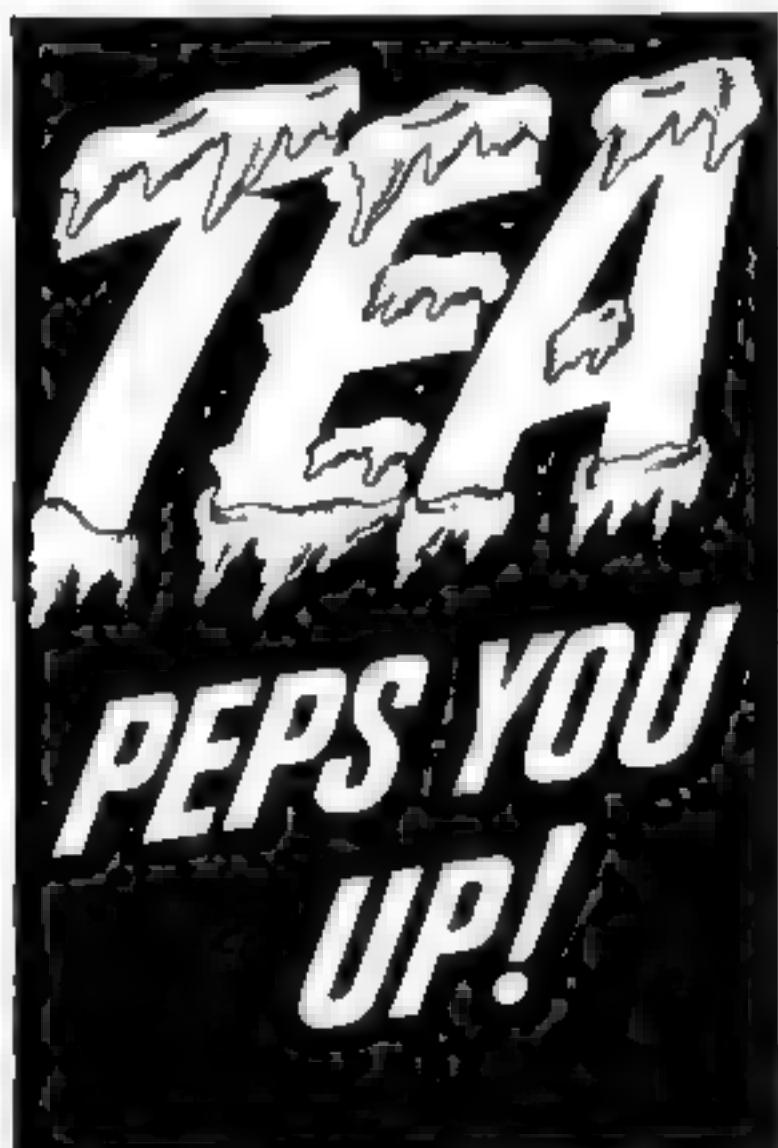
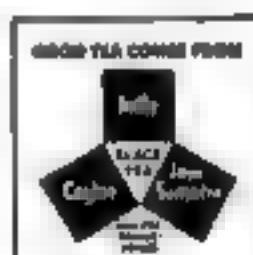
Now everybody knows what Hitler's secret weapon was: Efficiency. The iron efficiency which coldly co-ordinated military strategy, economics, domestic politics, foreign diplomacy, propaganda, espionage, and the will of the people to his one increasing purpose—to conquer or die.

Our real problem, nearly everybody in France said, is how to keep our boys in uniform warm and contented throughout the summer and another hard winter. (In a way, you see, they thought even of their troops as accidentally uniformed civilians.) So they told you about the "foyers" and "canteens" and "theatres des Armées" that the celebrated actresses and elegant duchesses and all the poor but patriotic French and English women were organizing and financing behind the Maginot and right on the Belgian border to keep the boys smiling. And they showed you the Red Cross rooms where there were pile upon pile of "colis" or bundles with writing paper and Chinese checker boards and sweaters and cigarettes and footballs and light reading matter waiting to go to the soldiers. And then that made them think, too, of the boredom and the discontent and misery which "might grow" on the home front. In eight months of "war" they had still managed to do wonders for the 500,000 evacuees from the Rhineland. They had found them schools and food and employment and shelter. They had even found sewing machines for evacuated prostitutes of Strasbourg who were now being taught the more social if less popular profession of seamstress. They pointed with pride to the facts that Daladier had not enforced the totalitarian "decrees" conscripting male and female labor, that everybody was being allowed plenty of gas to motor to the Bois or to the races at Longchamp, that the three days-without-coal law was being "held over" to the following winter to avoid discontent, that Schiaparelli and Chanel and Balenciaga and Lelong were showing and exporting collections made of the fine silks still being made in French factories, which were being "gradually" turned into

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



These good black teas are especially suited to the American taste. For economy and full enjoyment, buy quality tea.



The hat rack at Maxim's, smart place to meet in Paris last winter while Hitler was preparing to crush France in the spring, held the bowlers of well-tailored gentlemen and the caps of three French captains and one lieutenant, a British naval officer and two

British Army officers. The French were proud, writes Miss Booth, "that Daladier had not enforced the totalitarian decrees" conscripting male and female labor, that everybody was being allowed plenty of gas to motor to the Bois or to the races at Longchamp."

EUROPE IN THE SPRING (continued)

munition plants in order not to bring about too-sudden unemployment among the silk weavers, and also because the continued export of silk was one factor in keeping a "favorable trade balance."

After the invasion I saw a French soldier in a base-line hospital. He had a great many German bomb fragments in his thigh and shoulder. Among his other souvenirs of the war he had a piece of French silk from a German parachute which he kept in his pajama pocket. He caressed it with a bitter wonder. "Look at it," he said, "how fine! You only see silk like that in this country on the backs of models in dressmakers' salons."

I remember M. Herriot one night in late April made a long impassioned and really brilliant analysis of the German metaphysical mind, how from Hegel to Hitler Germany had logically sought to prove "might is right." (Nothing about how Germany had always managed to implement this metaphysical monstrosity with shell and strategy.) "Bien, il faut en finir," said M. Herriot at long last, brushing the cigar ashes off his rotund vest wearily. And for the first time that evening all the other politicians in that drawing room agreed with him enthusiastically, almost tearfully. Their morale, you see, was also excellent. They were all really very patriotic gents. Now I see in the papers, there is a tendency to "smear" them . . . to say they "betrayed France." I deny it. It's too happy and easy an explanation. And it is not, as the French say, "reasonable." They knew, and the bankers knew, and the financiers and the manufacturers knew, that if France was beaten, Hitler would give them no quarter and no profits. They were stupid and blind and egoistic and mean and human—all too human perhaps. But alas, they were not "traitors." I say alas, because if "treachery" were the key to the Fall of France, then, to be safe, all America need do never to fall is watch for and weed out "traitors" . . . It was not what these gentlemen *did* before or during the war; it's what they didn't do. "The price of Liberty is eternal vigilance." They were simply asleep at the switch: they didn't even appoint *soldiers* to watch the switch while they slumbered. Much cynical postmortem, some idealistic prognostications, a little clever opportunism and the irreducible minimum of performance. Hasn't that always been the portrait of a politician? But believe me, they, too, were patriotic and confident.

I complained one day to M. Léger, who was then

Permanent Secretary of Foreign Affairs, that I wished that France had a more eloquent, American-wise propagandist for an Ambassador in Washington than Count René de Saint-Quentin—somebody like Lord Lothian, for instance. He was indignant. "M. Saint-Quentin gets everything for France he asks," he said haughtily. I said, "Then your demands are very much more modest than America fears they might be." And he said with gentle slyness: "You don't know what M. Saint-Quentin asks or gets! He may not be very popular with Americans, but he is a most intimate friend of your President, which is better." "Oh, I know about 5,000 of Mr. Roosevelt's most intimate friends," I said and let it go at that. I think it made many Americans in France angry and unhappy and uneasy to see how everybody loved Mr. Roosevelt and despised America. M. Léger was no exception. Like every other politician in France, he didn't care a hoot what Americans thought, only about what Mr. Roosevelt said, personally. Everybody in France trusted Mr. Roosevelt implicitly.

I never met a single man on the streets or a single man in high authority who wasn't utterly convinced that if France ever should be on the verge of defeat, Roosevelt would bring a recalcitrant America quickly to heel and pour all its enormous resources into the breach. I know that in those last awful days of early June, it was a bitter, bitter shock to them and to little M. Reynaud that not only Mr. Roosevelt couldn't bring America into war, but that he could not even send what it turned out rather suddenly we didn't have, and which nobody apparently had told them (or us) before we didn't have, "clouds of airplanes."

It was the loveliest crystal-clear spring Europe had had in many years. There was not a little drop of rain, not a faintly mottled sky until mid-June. In Europe, that spring, like an ethereal army with blossom-strewn banners, seemed to come on forever. Before the Invasion, the English called it "King's Weather." After that the English didn't talk much about the weather because they knew that in Germany everybody was calling it "Hitlerswetter," and that in Flanders and Picardy this heavenly boon to mankind, a perfect spring, had become a hideous evil. In such a spring tanks could push up faster than flowers . . .

Now, in April, chestnuts burst into leaf on the lovely avenues of Paris, sunlight danced off the opalescent gray buildings, and the sunsets, glimpsed through the Arc de Triomphe at the end of the long splendid vista of the Champs-Elysées, brought a catch of pain and pleasure in your throat. Paris was Paris in April! There were not many children in the parks but the cafés were thronged with old men and women sipping

aperitifs and reading the thin confident papers, with pretty girls, many of them in Red Cross ambulance-driver uniforms, with little dark-eyed, khaki-clad, sloppy, tough-looking permissionaires. The shops were open and "doing business," and there was plenty of traffic in all the streets. It was a ghost war, in the skeleton of peace, but it wasn't as unpleasant looking as that simile. The worst that it was, in Paris, was boring. British war correspondents, week-ending in Paris, groused about the "phoney war," the dearth of readable dispatches to send, and told how they had written letters to their editors asking to be sent to the "trouble spot of the Balkans," to Turkey or to the U. S. to report the political situation in America. ("It is of course of vital importance to Europe that Roosevelt be re-elected.") A. P. and U. P. men were drifting back from Finland and Sweden via Amsterdam, skipping "dull Brussels," to go to Yugoslavia and the Near East. "There's a hell of a good soldier out there called Weygand . . . exiled they say, because he doesn't get along very well with this crowd of politicians." You began to see that everybody was sure Hitler was going to sit the war out until the following spring or at worst, move into Rumania or Hungary.

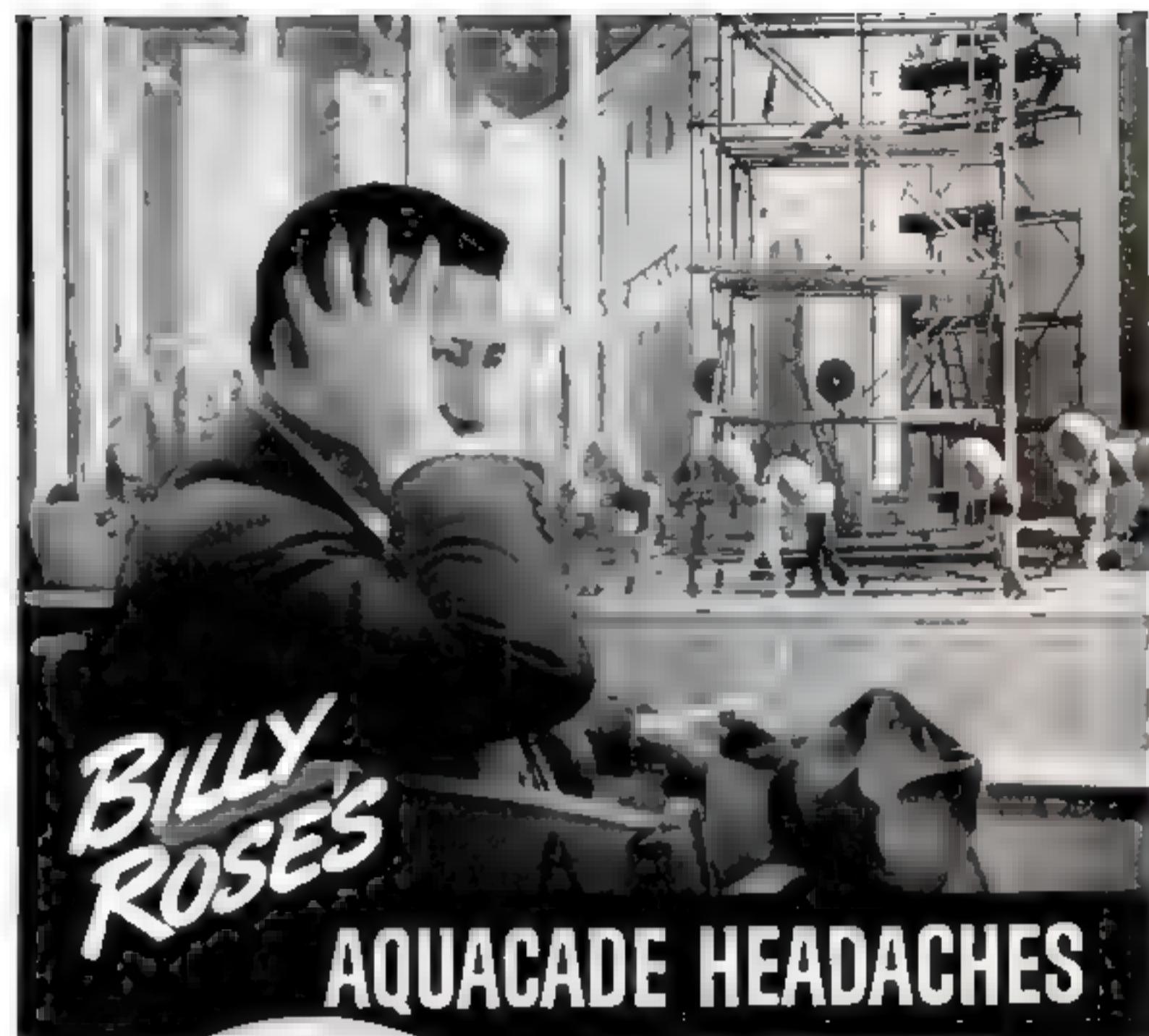
"The trouble is," an English colonel said to me at a big luncheon at Versailles, "we are gentlemen. There are so many *nasty* things they can do and we simply can't and won't be *nasty*." His mustache bristled fiercely. "We've got to . . . bomb Baku—bomb Batumi Extreme, of course," he said, "but by cutting off Germany's oil supply from Russia it will end the war quickly." A Rumanian diplomat, anxious to remove the seat of war a little further from his doorstep, suggested the English might instead take Narvik to cut off Hitler's iron-ore supply—but nobody at luncheon seemed to know where Narvik was, so we all dropped the subject.

On April 6, at the invitation of the French G. H. Q. (and as an enormous concession to foreign "propaganda") I was allowed to go up to the Maginot Line. . . . Now let me be honest. By that time, I had begun to believe, like the English (and the French) that the answer to victory was simply morale: sticking it, and that in the end the slow inexorable grinding of democracy's productive machinery would bring about the almost bloodless collapse of Germany. And then I went into "la zone des armes." I saw Alsace and Lorraine in April. How beautiful they looked, how rich, how fair the fields were in the spring sunshine. And then, speeding through this sweet countryside, when you looked closer, you saw that innocent golden haystacks concealed ugly guns, half-built cottages housed machine-gun nests and on the slopes of tender hills nestled many a camouflaged pillbox. All this lovely, lovely part of budding France, *bristled with hidden death*, like a beautiful woman with a dread disease. Woe, I thought, to the men who sought to embrace her! (I had a fleeting thought . . . why should they try it?) Then we came to the Maginot forts—those machine-gun-manned, tank-trapped, barbed-wired, small ugly entrances into the vast deadly ouvrages, the cement catacombs, the row on row of sunken earthbound battleships—La Ligne Maginot!

You weren't in a Maginot fort very long before you realized that it was impregnable from the enemy's side. I thought, the Germans are smart, they know everything. Either they have some secret weapon or they won't try to come through this way. I—even I—suddenly figured out that one. Now, I was in the Mont des Welshes (Oh, my fort, the Mont des Welshes, of which I was the marraine. I had sent them their cigarettes, their champagne, their brave flag embroidered in gold with the Maginot motto: *Ils ne passeront pas*. What comfort it is now that they *didn't* pass—that way?) I said to the little commander of my fort, "Why should they try to come this

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Paris was Paris in April," writes Miss Boothe. The cafes were crowded with elderly couples and with pretty girls accompanied by soldiers on leave. "The shops were open and 'doing business'." Two months later Adolf Hitler was entering conquered Paris.



Two giant swim shows are features of the 1940 Fairs at New York and San Francisco—both produced by pint-sized Billy Rose. (Above) Rehearsal at N. Y. World's Fair, where cast of over 500 . . . lovely Aquabellas . . . danciers . . . delight millions. "The ty of headaches," says Billy Rose, "but I take Bromo-Seltzer. It eases pain fast, relaxes tension, settles my stomach." (Left) Billy's pretty wife, Eleanor Holm, gives her husband this famous help for headache.



BROMO-SELTZER
DOES MORE FOR
ME THAN ANY
OTHER HEADACHE
REMEDY I'VE TRIED

Why **BROMO-SELTZER** does more for you than a simple pain reliever can . . . helps head, stomach, nerves

When your head aches, chances are your system is upset in some way. If headaches are frequent or if they persist, see your doctor. But fortunately, the headaches most people get are simple ones. They may be **NERVOUS** or **DIGESTIVE**. For these, Bromo-Seltzer does all this:

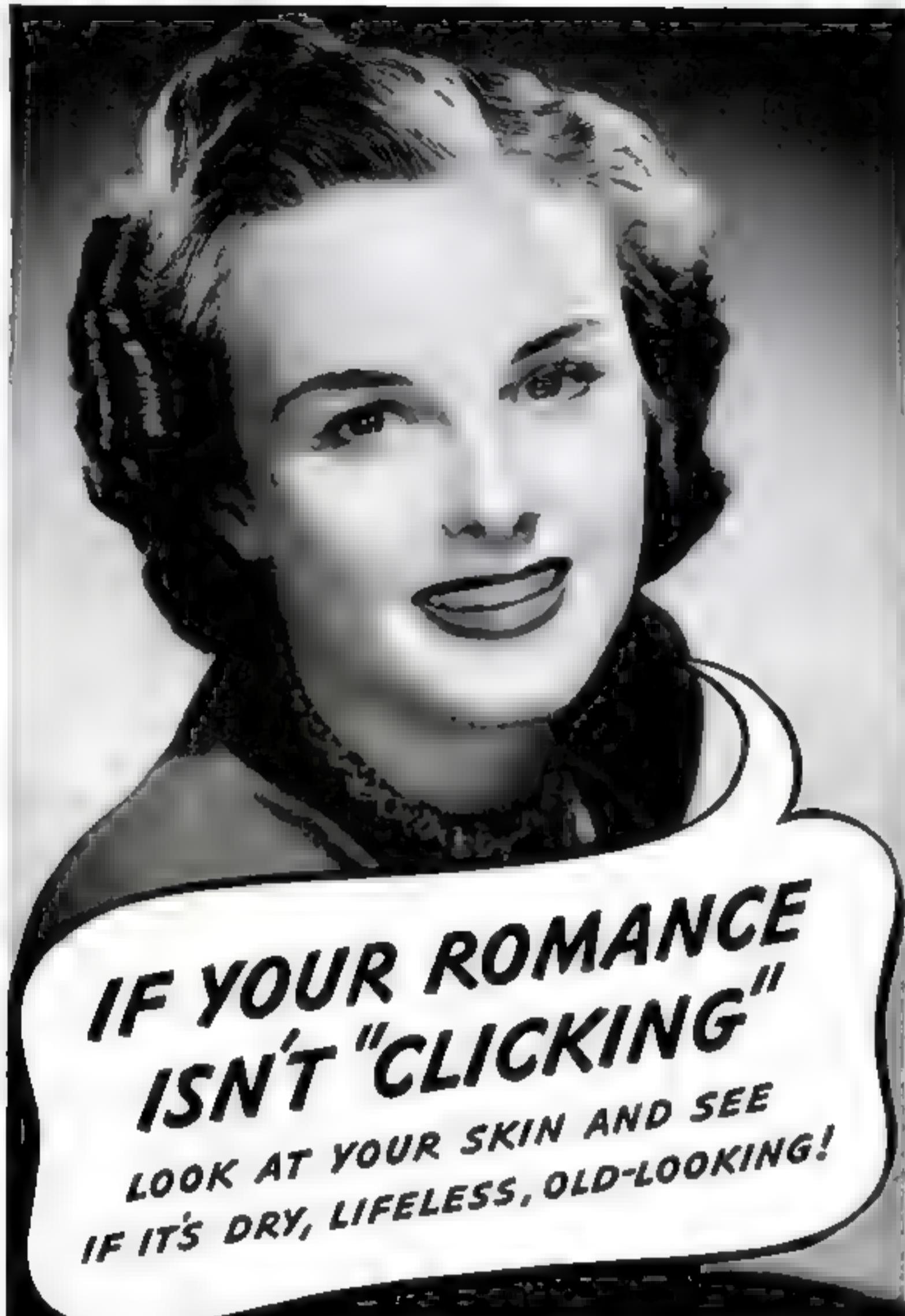
1. **EASES PAIN**—works quickly and pleasantly
2. **STEADIES NERVES**—relaxes the tension
3. **SETTLES STOMACH**—helps set you right again

For over 50 years, millions have relied on Bromo-Seltzer. Take it according to directions on the label. Buy it at any drugstore or soda fountain. Always keep it handy at home, too.



Liked more
because it does
more for headache

BROMO-SELTZER



IF YOUR ROMANCE ISN'T "CLICKING"

LOOK AT YOUR SKIN AND SEE
IF IT'S DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING!

TO HELP KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION ALLURINGLY
SMOOTH, USE THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

LOOK, SIS! I REALLY DON'T BLAME DON
FOR LOSING INTEREST! A MAN ADORES
SMOOTH, LOVELY SKIN AND YOU'VE LET
YOURS GET SO DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-
LOOKING! YOU KNOW I TOLD YOU SOME
TIME AGO THAT YOU OUGHT TO TRY
PALMOLIVE SOAP!

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE
AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY
AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO
DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS
SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSES SO
THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT
LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH
... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

BUT WHY IS
PALMOLIVE SO
DIFFERENT?

WELL, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, SIS—BECAUSE
YOUR COMPLEXION IS SIMPLY
GORGEOUS! SO I GUESS
I'D BETTER START USING
PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!



MADE WITH Olive Oil
TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH



Dr. and Mrs. Oswald White of Midland Road, Bedford, England, improved the looks of the concrete air-raid shelter in their back yard by building a pretty little rock garden on the top of their shelter while Adolf Hitler was improving his blitzkrieg technique.

EUROPE IN THE SPRING (continued)

way?" "Ah, Madame, of course they can't get through, but you don't understand the Germans—ils sont betes—They *will* try. Imagine if they didn't? How foolish we would look—France would look . . . Madame, c'est pas raisonnable," said the commander. "But," I persisted, "can't they get through some other way?" "What other way?" the commander laughed and all the lieutenants laughed quickly. "Holland? Belgium?" I said timidly. They laughed even louder. "First," they said, "they don't want to take on three million more Dutch and Belgian soldiers—second, we are reliably informed the Dutch have a flood system, and the Belgians a small Maginot Line, and third, the Germans are stupid but not that stupid . . ."

On April 9 I was the guest of honor at an officers' mess of the 164th Regiment in the Maginot Line. Suddenly a pale-faced radio operator brought the commander a small piece of square lined paper covered with delicate pencilled French handwriting. He looked at it gravely and then with a blank face read it aloud.

Bulletin

New York: "Communications being cut off between the Scandinavian nations and the other countries, we can not have confirmation of the news from New York according to which the Norwegian Minister declares that his country is in a state of war with Germany."

Paris: "According to the news from Norway, the German troops have occupied Bergen, the Norwegian Government has left Oslo."

Amsterdam: "About fifty German war boats left German ports yesterday going north. At 11 o'clock the German forces were in the Kattegat towards the northwest."

There was a silence. We all looked solemn and utterly bewildered. The general said, after a long pause: "Bien, this is the affair of England. They have the navy." And because, as it turned out, very few of the French officers knew except in a general way where Oslo was and certainly not where the Kattegat was, they found they couldn't talk very brightly about the German invasion of Norway. A little lieutenant whispered in my ear, "You've heard—a Frenchman is a fellow with a beard, who eats lots of bread, and has no knowledge of geography." So the officers all dropped the Norwegian thing, and quickly began to explain to me the duties and excitements and dangers of "corps francs"—the volunteer patrols which went out to get prisoners and reconnoiter in the outposts of the Siegfried Line. As they bade me adieu they gave me a little bouquet of red roses. Heavens knows where they found red roses in the Maginot—but that's what's so wonderful about the French. They

With pride the French last winter "showed you the Red Cross rooms where there were pile upon pile of coats or bundles with writing paper and Chinese checker boards and sweaters and cigarettes and footballs and light reading matter to go to the soldiers."





Air-raid trench shelters in Paris became playgrounds for children last winter. Miss Boothe listened to the French speak of morale of their troops and civilians as though morale was something "functional like an anti-tank gun or bomb-proof shelter."

know that even in the Maginot red roses must be given to ladies.

A French colonel said, "Yes, now we are really comrades. . . . Not since the affair of Jeanne d'Arc have the English and the French so well understood each other." Everybody thought this Norway was the beginning of the end for Hitler, that at last a front had been found, and that, as Chamberlain said in Commons the first day, "Hitler had missed the bus," and as Churchill said, "made the worst military blunder since Napoleon's Spanish peninsular campaign."

So I was jubilant. I decided to go to England, which was going to be closer now to the war and victory.

That's when I met our military attaché, Colonel Horace Fuller, in the hall of the American Embassy where I had gone to get my exit permit to England. "Isn't it wonderful," I said. He looked very sour. "Oh, yes," he said, "Hitler's missed the bus, but he's caught a transport plane." I looked bewildered, so he said, "Innocent, come with me." And in his office he showed me the maps of Norway, and explained what it meant in ships, in men, in guns, to face an armed fjord, and how Norway of all countries was the kind of country which if you "got there fustest with mostest men" you couldn't be got out in a year or a day. And Hitler had got there fustest. And then he showed me other maps, of the Belgian and Dutch frontiers, and how many Panzer divisions he figured (at minimum) the Germans had there and near Luxembourg. And then he called in Lieutenant Colonel George Kenney, assistant air attaché, who told me how many planes he thought the Germans had. The colonel was in a great hurry and wouldn't talk much, because he was going back to the U. S. A. with an urgent report based on a study he had made, in the face of violent political and military and diplomatic obstruction and red tape, of French aviation production and of German sample planes brought down behind the French lines. "Gee," he said, "I've got to get home to make the politicians see that we might as well throw our whole air force into the ashcan—it's so out of date for the kind of war the Germans are going to have here!" Both colonels were terribly gloomy about the Norwegian campaign. But they were even gloomier, Stygian in fact, about the Real Offensive they said was coming sure as death through the Low Countries in May or June. I was hurt, astonished, disillusioned. I said, "But they haven't enough oil." They said, "Stop talking economics . . ." I said, "But if the Belgians decide to make a military alliance . . ." They said, "For God's sake, stop talking politics. This isn't a cabinet meeting. This is war." "I don't see the difference," I said. "Well if you don't know the difference between war and politics look it up in the dictionary," Colonel Kenney said. "Gee, I'd like to see the show, but don't you stay too long. Well, so long," and he left us. I said, "Is there no hope for—for France?" Colonel Fuller said, "You want me to say something vague and comforting. O. K. The English never

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

To keep the troops from getting bored during the winter the French organized canteens and theaters at the front like the one shown below. "In a way," writes Miss Boothe, "they thought even of their troops as accidentally uniformed civilians."



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dinosaur, lived over 60 million years ago. But even before he was born, Nature was mellowing and filtering the crude oils used today in refining Sinclair lubricants. These oldest crudes make such fine lubricants that...

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TRAVEL 41 MILLION
MILES DAILY ON
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Not Greta, star of the Universe
but you're not so tough.



Dancing at the Savoy, high-hat London hotel, was gay despite the war. Miss Boothe found "not even a little sign of 'grim determination'" on the part of couples who crowded London's cafes two weeks before Hitler overran the Lowlands and France.

EUROPE IN THE SPRING (continued)

know when they're licked. They'll always keep on fighting. That's the only hope." I wanted to cry. I think I did. I said, "Oh, you don't really *believe* the Germans are going to win do you?" Colonel Fuller said, "Yes, if some miracle doesn't happen, they've got the guns, and the tanks and the planes and the men, and a plan, and the initiative." And I said, "Oh, dear!" He said, "Come have a drink."

Colonel Kenney did miss the show—he went back to America. But I saw Colonel Fuller after I had gotten back from Belgium in June. It was a few days before Paris was bombed (June 6) and I said "Tell me, please, please tell me, what's going to happen?" His hands trembled. His eyes were quite bloodshot from loss of sleep. He tried to smile, but he couldn't. He said, "Oh, there's hope of course—the morale of the French—we can deliver 1,000 planes a month soon." "Oh," I said, "don't talk morale and economics, talk WAR. What do you think?" He said so wearily, "I don't want to think any more, I want to use my heart. You see, I want them to win so much, so very much," he said, "I fought with them at Château-Thierry in the last war—and oh, they've been God-damn dumb, but dear Christ I love them."

I read in the paper a few days ago that "Colonel Fuller, military attaché of the American Embassy in Paris, with Ambassador Bullitt witnessed the parade of the German troops past the Arc de Triomphe."

On April 25, armed with the sore knowledge about Norway provided me by the only two men in France who had talked war facts to me, I went to London. London was lovely in that late April, lovely beyond belief. There were masses of blue hyacinths and tulips in Hyde Park, and bright azaleas in the window boxes of hotel windows. The little barrage balloons like silver toys disported themselves innocently high up against the blue sky twinkling in the warm sunlight. Traffic tooted and jostled in the crowded thoroughfares, and in spite of the pitch blackouts, which you didn't notice much on the bright moonlit nights, London was altogether much gayer than Paris. Good Hungarian music in Claridge's, fine Italian food at Quaglino's, no rationing there, no gloom—not even a little sign of "grim determination." Paris was Paris in April, but looking back on it, I saw now everybody was *secretly* gloomy because, after all, a "long war" with an enormous army kept mobilized was bound to be severer on France than on England—The triumphant progress (in the newspapers) of the Norwegian campaign was lifting every Englishman's spirits.

I hated the way the English talked about our Ambassador, Mr.

An English colonel told Miss Boothe at a big luncheon in April, "We are gentlemen. There are so many *nasty* things they can do and we simply can't and won't be *nasty*." When a diplomat suggested seizing Narvik, nobody knew where Narvik was.





"War or no war," reads the English caption to this picture of "The Parade" at Aldershot, "troops and civilians enjoy the informal pageantry" of promenading after Sunday military church. Last week the Germans bombed Aldershot for the first time.

Kennedy, because he had said in February "America doesn't know what this war is all about." (He said to me, on May 9, when I reminded him of that, "No apologies. Maybe the English don't know what this WAR is about either—or they'd get ready fast to fight it.") On April 25 we didn't. It was only on May 10 we began to find out. But everybody said Kennedy was a "defeatist" who went around saying the most terrible untrue things: that America wasn't ever going into the war—that America *couldn't* help if it *wanted* to help, and numerous other things all calculated to give Englishmen and Americans the very definite impression that America wasn't either willing or ready, and that the Germans were going to come very close to giving the Allies the licking of their life.

In fact Mr. Kennedy said openly all sorts of things that were damned undiplomatic, and true as only bitter truth can be true. The English didn't like this. So naturally they didn't like Mr. Kennedy. They pointed out his shocking lack of protocol, his unsociability—and implied that he wasn't a sportsman: In fact "Run-Rabbit-Run" they called him, because he had sent his wife and nine children to America because he was so terrified (ha-ha) of bombing or English Invasion . . . Today England is trying desperately to send thousands of its own women and children to America. Mr. Kennedy may be a poor "diplomat," but he was a good prophet.

England, the English said in early May, "always loses every battle but the last one." Perhaps they are so proud of that tradition, so proud that they have subconsciously allowed it to become their blueprint of military strategy. They were also proud of "muddling through." So they made that their political policy. Now I remembered an Italian Fascist in Rome saying to me in March about the English: "A nation which is over-ripe with tradition is over-ripe for ruin." I pray that this is not true, that they will still muddle through, still win the last battle. But now they know, everybody knows, the agonies they might have been spared if they had broken with tradition and planned to crash through, and to win the First Battle.

They were willing to bury the Norwegian thing. They also began very openly to "venture to suggest" to one another that it's "a rotten shame we can't bury Chamberlain with it." "'E's dead, but 'E won't lie down" somebody quoted a Gracie Fields music-hall song. "We certainly will get rid of him when we have a real crisis," a British undersecretary said to me at an English weekend luncheon. "A real crisis," I said, feeling sick down inside of me again, "what do you call a *real* crisis? By that time it may be too late."

Now at this luncheon there was an old, untidy, distinguished Gladstonian-looking gentleman called J. L. Garvin at the table. Right then to the astonishment of all the conservative lords and ladies and old politicians there assembled, he made a magnificent

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

As Miss Boothe left Maginot Line fort in April, "they gave me a little bouquet of red roses. Heavens knows where they found the roses—but that's what's so wonderful about the French. They know that even in the Maginot red roses must be given to ladies."



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for DWIN—made for effectiveness and efficiency—not price—**DWIN COSTS MORE** but is **WORTH IT**. Ask for and demand it—in the Green Can. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and department stores. If your dealer cannot supply, write **BALDWIN LABORATORIES, INC.** Saegertown, Pa.



A London business firm beautified its sand-bag barricade last winter with artificial grass and real flowers to give it the appearance of a real garden. Miss Boothe found the city of London even gayer than Paris during the disastrous Norwegian campaign

EUROPE IN THE SPRING (continued)

speech. In it, he said he now saw clearly all that was wrong with England, its inertia, its smugness, its fatal unpreparedness. Eloquently, with many a quotation from the classics to trim a point, and point a dart, he begged everyone at lunch to help get rid of Chamberlain now. This was the great crisis, he said. How do you know, they said, half-convinced. Mr. Garvin quoted Johnson—"When a man knows he's to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully." We're going to be hanged at any minute now," he said, "Hitler has warned us in Norway."

Mr. Garvin wanted Lloyd George back as Prime Minister. "He's an old man," said 72-year-old Mr. Garvin, "but he's a genius. And genius is like radium—it is radium *always*, no matter how little there is of it left . . . Perhaps Lloyd George can work only six hours a day, but six hours of Lloyd George is worth days of anyone else's month. In the last war Lloyd George knew how to delegate authority. He cared nothing for the political convictions of the men to whom he delegated it, only how they did their war job. That is what Chamberlain can not do: delegate authority to able captains." So we all talked with sudden enthusiasm about the radium of Lloyd George's genius, and as this was a "conservative household," the very knot-tying citadel of the old school tie, I thought it was wonderful and beautiful to see them, under Mr. Garvin's eloquence, coming alive to the tragic necessities of the hour, and very forcefully "contemplating doing something . . ."

The next day the great debate on the conduct of the Norwegian Campaign began in the House of Commons. I remember it was a Tuesday, May 7. Now since my talk with Colonel Fuller, I had had a strange desire to see the Low Countries. In fact faced with the only other alternative, a long Whitsuntide weekend in the English country, playing bridge or golf, and "talking politics," I decided on a short look-see at Holland and Belgium. "One last look," I told someone, and they said you were very brave to go to a *neutral* country. Because it was a standing joke in both France and England that the only *safe* place in Europe was one of the three belligerent countries. So on the day Mr. Chamberlain was defending himself as a military strategist, I flew on the KLM, and landed at the Schiphol Airport at Amsterdam.

At The Hague, our Minister, Mr. George Gordon, told me at once there was a "nice, big juicy crisis" brewing. He is a gallant, gay, pink-cheeked, dapper little man who looks like Esquire. When he smiled, his white mustache seemed to emit little sparks—like a Fourth of July "sparkler." But his blue eyes were serious. "You've picked a bad hour for a visit," he said, "our friends on the East

Silk dresses were shown by Paris couturiers up to the end. Miss Boothe met a soldier who held up a piece of French silk from a German parachute and said: "You only see silk like that in this country on the backs of models in dressmakers' salons."





Miss Hazel Sams of Wraybury, Bucks, England, smilingly drives her sister to the railroad station in a pony cart in order to help conserve gasoline rations. The British caption to this picture cheerfully calls this wartime scene "As in the Olden Days."

may also arrive uninvited but, unlike yourself, unwelcome." Uninvited, yes. But in the three days I spent in Holland I never quite made up my mind whether or not they would be both uninvited and entirely unwelcome. The Norwegian thing had made me, like everyone in Europe, terribly Fifth Column conscious. I asked Mr. Gordon about Fifth Columnists in Holland. He spread his hands helplessly. "The Dutch don't hate the Germans the way the French and English do," he said. "Many even like them. A lot of the Dutch are half-German. More are even pro-German. Undoubtedly hundreds are paid German agents." He looked unhappy. "All I can tell you," he said (and all he ever did tell me) "is that the government is scrupulously neutral, and most of the people want to be let alone by everybody. The government does what it can to tread the peace tightrope between German and Allied pressure.... The Dutch are very unhappy. They're not getting rich out of this war, the way they did out of the last one. And they're still in front, instead of behind the Germans as they were in the last one." "But tell me," I said, "do you think the Germans will come?" "As to that," he said, "I'll tell you the theories (being a good diplomat, he never, I remember now, really told me which one he favored): There are those who say No: Holland is Germany's breadbasket, also Germany's leak in the blockade... if it's a long war, Germany will not want to plug the leak, destroy the breadbasket. On the other hand, if Germany tries for a short war, she'll need Holland's ports from which to strike her real enemy, England." "I think she'll come," I said, with a sudden dreadful certainty. "Do you?" Mr. Gordon said, "how interesting." Mrs. Gordon, who was also little and gallant like her husband, said "Mr. Gordon pour the lady a glass of champagne, and I won't mention until after she's gone that we have no air-raid shelters." "Haven't you," I said. "Why not?" "Because," she said, "to build them outside would not look neutral, and if you tried to dig one in the cellar you'd have a salt-water swimming pool."

At dinner that night I sat next to Mr. Snouck Hurgronje, the permanent Secretary General for Foreign Affairs. Naturally I asked him about the crisis. "The Germans are making troop movements which suggest an invasion," said Mr. Snouck placidly. "Oh," I said, "are you sure?" "Yes," he said cheerfully. "The same sources have informed our government so, which informed it so five days before the German invasion of Norway." I said aghast, "You knew five days before that the Germans were going to invade Norway?" "Yes," he said, "our sources of information are excellent. You see a good Dutchman often can pass as a real German." (I thought "and vice versa.") "Oh," I said, "you knew five days before. Did you... (I held my breath) tell the English and French about it?" "Certainly not," he said indignantly. "Why should we? They're not our Allies!" (Mr. Snouck ten days later was in London, a member of

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

In a Maginot Line fort on April 9 Miss Boothe saw a pale-faced radio operator bring the commander a message announcing that Hitler had invaded Norway. "Bien," said the general after a pause, "this is the affair of England. They have the navy."



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1 "She settled into the chair so slowly and so carefully—I suspected she was plagued by rectal irritation. And as we talked she told me. To her, of course, constipation was a nightmare and harsh laxatives a dread. What a blessing there is a product for sufferers like her!"



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The sloppy dress of the French brigadier at right, photographed last winter at the front, was interpreted by LIFE (March 11) as showing the French soldier's disdain for Prussian swank. This sloppiness now appears to have signified an easy going inefficiency.

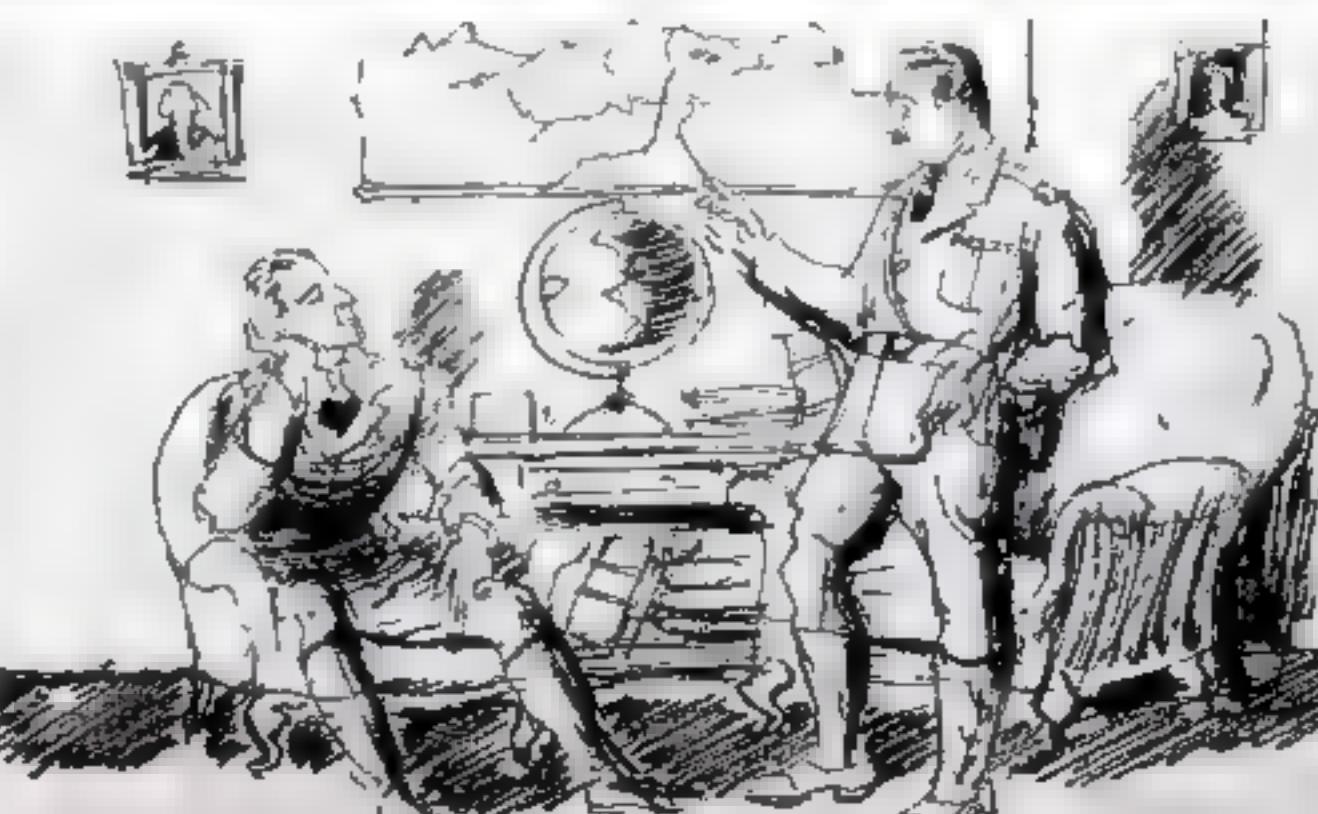
EUROPE IN THE SPRING (continued)

Her Exiled Majesty's belligerent government.) I said, "If your sources are reliable, aren't you—or—uneasy? . . ." He went on eating. "Well, you can never tell," he said, cheerfully. "We've had three crises like this. This may also pass. One does one's best, one waits, one accepts the inevitable." I guess he noticed the rather amazed expression on my face at so much stolidity, so much fortitude. "It's a wonderful thing," he said, "to be a neutral—if you are strong like America." I said severely, "Mr. Snouck, if you really fear Germany . . . why don't you throw in with the Allies?" He smiled patiently. "We don't want to be invaded like Poland and Norway," he said. "On the other hand we are in no hurry to precipitate the 'assistance' the Allies gave Norway and Poland." The argument seemed unanswerable, so I let it pass.

The crisis passed too, in Holland. In Amsterdam on May 9 a prominent journalist explained it to me nearly: "Just Germany jacking up Holland a bit so she wouldn't get too friendly trade-wise with the Allies." A second newspaperman had another explanation. "Created," he said, "by the Dutch government itself" as an excuse for its projected roundup of 30,000 (30,000!) listed fifth columnists. "Yes" he said, "the jails are already bursting with them." A third had another explanation. "Bet you," he said, "the Government has made a secret military alliance with the French and the Belgians and the English. They've whipped up this little scare to test out their mobilization power in an emergency." An English newspaperman said: "The Germans probably arranged it for one of two reasons. First, to see where Dutch troops would be deployed, if they do get desperate and have to come in, in the summer or next spring; or second, to distract everybody's attention from other troop movements on the Siegfried or in the Balkans." So that was the "crisis" and I left Amsterdam for Brussels on the train, chugging peacefully over that flat pretty flower-painted dinner plate of a country, feeling very happy that it was safe, at least for the moment.

I reached Brussels at 11 p.m. on the night of the ninth of May and because I was very tired, I went right to bed in a pleasant, wide-windowed room in our Embassy. I had no time in Brussels to find out how the Belgians felt about neutrality or the Americans or the English or the French or the Dutch, because six hours later in a lovely dawn, clouds of bombers came out of the sky from the east, and began to drop their lethal offal all around me, and on the Belgians. From that moment on I never talked or thought of politics. Neither did the Belgians. This was WAR now. These were the Germans. . . .

In the U. S. Embassy in Paris Col. Horace Fuller, U. S. military attaché, and Lieut. Col. George Kenney, assistant air attaché, explained to Miss Boothe at the start of Norwegian invasion that "Hitler's missed the bus but he's caught a transport plane."





Who rides after Paul Revere?

WAKE UP! WAKE UP! The Germans are marching... Wake up! Wake up! The brownshirts are coming!"

Once more America hears that ringing shout of alarm, with only two words changed after 165 years. ► Since the tenth of May, every flying bundle of newspapers that thumps against a way-station platform has been the thunderous knock of the rider sent out by the lantern signal in the Old North Church. With editorial and news dispatch, cartoon, column, and special article, the far-sighted among America's newspapers have roused the town and the countryside.

Never had citizens been more soundly asleep in their complacent beds. "Safe behind three thousand miles of good green water"... smugly confident of the power and might of friendly former allies... blandly indifferent to the condition of our fighting forces... blind to sinister stirrings in neighbors to the south and even in our own midst.

That voice in the darkness, that knock at the door came not a moment too soon.

► Where and how the present-day menace to freedom will strike, no man knows, or whether it will strike by direct invasion at all. We know that attack is possible—and that is enough.

So now, as always before, Americans have sprung to action. Today's Ethan Allens are gathering together their Green Mountain Boys in training camp, machine shop, and flying field. Today's Israel Putnams have left their plows standing in the furrow, scrapped their plans for making the peaceful machines of work and play, put their factories and their brains at their country's command.

The Paul Reverses of the American press have done their work well. Now they are riding out again with other messages—just as important. Messages of courage... and patience... and hope.

► For we too have our fainthearts who are ready to quit when the outposts are taken. We have our near-sighted who imagine that they would rather lose their liberties than their comforts, and don't see that they stand to lose both.

We have our cynics, young and old, who suppose

that all wars are futile because the results of the last one were thrown away. We have our warped and embittered—our potential Charles Lees and Benedict Arnolds.

All of us need protection from the defeatism that seeps from such sources. We need our own uncertainties and fears cleared up. We need our spirits heartened about what we have done, can do, and are now doing.

► This protection, this enlightenment, this encouragement, the press is supplying now every day. Day after day, our newspapers are bringing us news of plans completed at Washington in weeks, whose details in normal times would have consumed years. Soon they will tell us of raw-material problems solved, of factories and mills swinging into streamlined production, of rapid organization and training of our man power.

We have asked for miracles and we are getting them. But the press will remind us that even Aladdin's palace took a night to build.

In this planning stage, when all roads lead to Washington, the metropolitan newspapers and wire services have increased or reassigned their staffs in the Capital.

► They are covering stories so big, developments so rapid, that even the early days of the New Deal seem quiet in retrospect. Economic relations of the Americas, history-making moves of the State Department, expansion of Army and Navy on a scale never seen in this hemisphere, sensational industrial decisions affecting hundreds of centers from Hartford to Southern California... the situation is the greatest challenge to energy, ingenuity, and vision that this generation of newspapermen has ever met.

Because the question of security for our country is today's No. 1 problem, TIME, the Weekly Newsmagazine, has decided to establish a new department, to be devoted

exclusively to the progress of National Defense.

Here, in one place, the anxious citizen will find reports from every field—government, management, materials, factories, shipyards, man power, training schools, public opinion—every detail in the current picture of the nation's defense effort. TIME's much-discussed summaries, which have been so widely quoted in recent weeks, give some idea of the completeness and grasp with which this vital news will be handled.

► As the circles widen out from Washington, TIME's fact-finders and trend-observers will be ready and waiting wherever the ripples roll in. If things go wrong, bog down in personalities, get tangled in red tape, TIME will say so. If things go as well or better than can humanly be expected, TIME will say that too.

TIME, along with all loyal Americans, believes that an intelligent, informed, single-minded citizenry can and will build a strong defense—a defense so strong, so dynamic, and so efficient, that no power on earth will be able to attack or challenge the vital interests of the American people.

This is one of a series of advertisements in which the Editors of TIME hope to give all the readers of LIFE a clearer picture of the world of news-gathering, news-writing, and news-reading—and the part TIME plays in helping you to grasp, measure, and use the history of your lifetime as you live the story of your life.



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A UNIT OF LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS STRIVES FOR PRECISION IN "FACING"

Plattsburg-bound trainee prepares to part from family in New York City's Grand Central Terminal.



New arrivals, fresh from sleeping cars, line up before officer at 6 a. m. preparatory to marching to the mess hall for registration and food



The manual of arms is explained by a sergeant during drill on the parade grounds. At left of the line stands Winthrop Rockefeller.



AFTER PARADE-GROUND DRILL, MEN LINE UP IN COMPANIES AND MARCH BACK TO CAMP.

Life Goes to Plattsburg Barracks

Where businessmen learn the rudiments of war
in a month's training under U. S. Army mentors





ARMY'S NEW CLOSE-ORDER DRILL IS USED. IN BACKGROUND ARE OFFICERS' QUARTERS

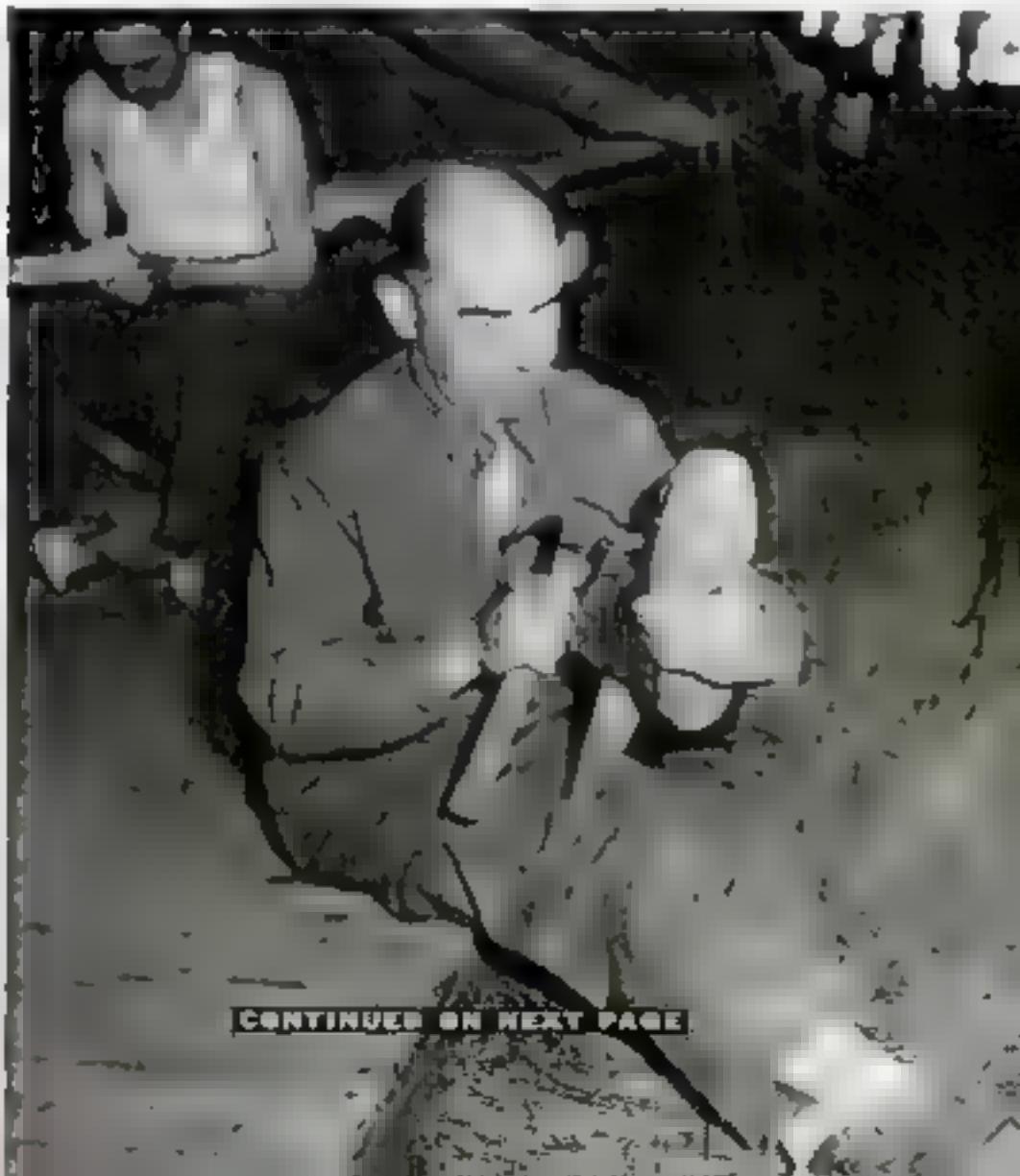
In eight Army camps last week, 8,000 business and professional men drilled, cleaned guns, rode in tanks and at their own expense (\$844.50) strove to acquire the basis of a military education. Of these, 810 were at Plattsburg Barracks, cradle of the Military Training Camps Association. It was in 1915, two days after the *Lusitania* sinking, that some New Yorkers asked Woodrow Wilson for a chance to study the skills of war. That summer 1,800 men went to Plattsburg. When America entered the fight two years later nearly 17,000 officers had been trained by the MTCA.

Quietly active since World War I, MTCA gained new popularity when Germany began to win its second war in the west. But the Plattsburg of 1940 is not the Plattsburg of the past. Today soldiers cannot be trained in a month, and those in camp last week, among them veterans of 1915, found that their training gave them little but the A B C of modern war. But they had enthusiasm, and with it a conviction that they must study to serve their nation, now manured as it never had been before.

Bellies bared to brisk breezes, trainees undergo 25 minutes of physical education. Here a sergeant shows one pupil how to salute.

Rifle parts are identified and assembled by top sergeant while John Hay ("Jock") Whitney, socialite sportsman, attentively looks on.

Tough Army shoes are softened with hammer and ball bat by tenderfooted but resolute trainee.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Life Goes to Plattsburg (continued)

"Look, Lily May, Rover knows we bought something good."

"Smart dog. You know, Jimmy, we are dandy shoppers."

"Guess we did all right with those tires. Going to give us a bunch of miles for our money."



AND a bunch of safe miles they'll be, Jimmy, with U. S. Royal Master tires. You'll have protection against blowouts right down to the last mile. You'll have skid control. You'll be able to make quick stops. You'll relax at the wheel and enjoy driving, free from worry. You'll soon know why users of U. S. Royal Masters come back for more of same when they need new tires.



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Newbold Morris, associate president of New York City's Council, crumbs table after mess. Each Plattsburg trainee must wait on table at least two days during month.



Ride in a tank is part of the modern Plattsburg course. Here a regular soldier (wearing cap) shows businessmen the works of a new but already obsolete light infantry tank.



In fatigue clothes, a trainee soaks his fatigued feet, cleans his gun after the evening mess. From 6 p.m. till bedtime at 11, the men are free to do whatever they please.



At the canteen, businessmen buy beer, magazines, cigarettes, candy. Those who want stronger drink drive off to saloons in town. Most of them brought their cars to camp.



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	Finance charge	Monthly Payment	Finance charge	Monthly Payment
\$300	\$8.00	\$26.50	\$12.00	\$18.67
350	11.00	30.91	15.50	21.19
400	14.00	35.33	18.00	24.22
450	17.00	39.75	20.50	27.25
500	20.00	44.16	23.00	30.27
550	23.00	48.58	25.50	33.30
600	26.00	53.00	28.00	36.33

*NOTE: You take the delivered price of car minus down payment, insurance, taxes, etc. Your dealer will apply these figures to the amount of your new payment or finance allowance. The result is the amount to be financed.



Commercial Credit Company

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS MORE THAN \$60,000,000

TUNE IN! Hear latest news by Bob Trout over Columbia Network. See your local paper for times.

To know exactly what it would cost to finance any make of new car,
MAIL THIS COUPON!

Commercial Credit Company, Baltimore, Md.
Send free copy of New Car Payment Chart

for (make) _____ (model) _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ County _____ State _____

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NO SALESMAN
WILL CALL

HOT DAN the MUSTARD MAN

IT'S GOT 'OOMPH'
IT'S CREAMY
IT'S DIFFERENT
AT SWANK HOTELS AND
FAMOUS INNS THIS
MUSTARD YOU WILL SEE
IT'S GOT THE TANG
IT'S GOT THE ZEST
CHEFS LOVE ITS
PIQUANCY

French's
PURE MUSTARD
MUSTARD

SMOOTHER—CREAMIER
LARGEST SELLING PREPARED
MUSTARD IN U. S. A. TODAY

Clicquot Club
SODA

**BONDED
CARBONATION
GIVES IT
oomph!**

CLICQUOT CLUB
SPARKLING WATER (SODA)
IN FULL, 32-OUNCE QUARTS AND
SMALLER SIZES

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

PLAT DU JOUR

Sirs.

In an effort to toughen myself for what the future may bring, I have consulted several eminent dieticians. All have agreed that a special diet is needed. As

you see, this meal consists of peas, beans, asparagus, bread and a fowl ready for carving. The table decoration in the center was my own idea.

W. L. TRAVIS

Denver, Colo.



PHONY PHONETICS

Sirs

This is one of our local paint and hardware stores. Evidently its slogans were too long for the side wall so the painter consolidated the words. Neighboring

linguists have informed me that the upper row of letters reads, 'a word to the wise is enough.' Let LIFE's readers decipher the lower one.

JAMES T. CAULK

Baltimore, Md.



BEES

Sirs

This swarm of bees, after chasing people up and down the street outside of one of our largest department stores, followed their queen through the win-

dow of a parked car and settled on the dashboard. Jessie Woodring an amateur beekeeper got in and started looking for the queen. Note unidentified bee on his right index finger.

G. G. GRANGER

Lansing, Mich.



DISGUSTED
WITH YOUR PICTURES?

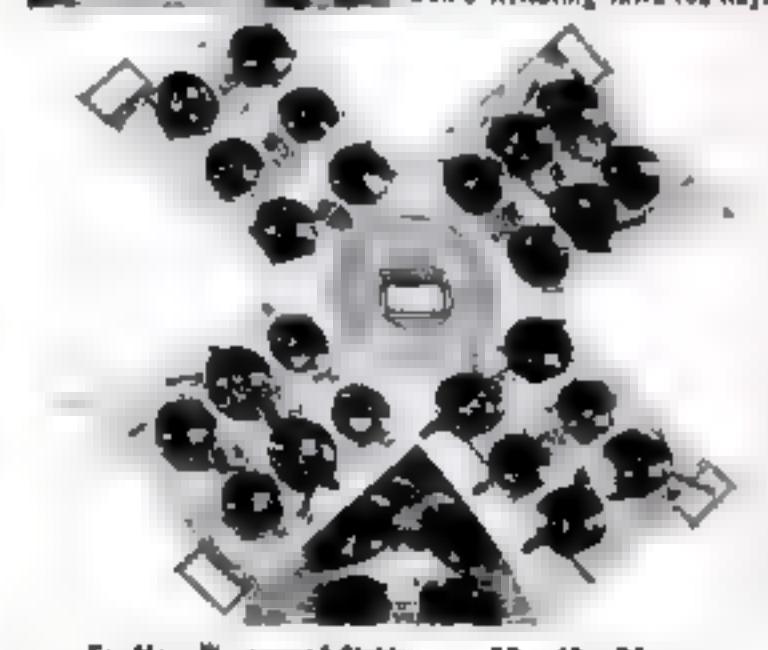
**Send for this
FREE BOOKLET**

There's no need for you ever to be disappointed with your still or movie pictures! This free booklet explains, in plain, understandable language, how you can get sharp, correctly exposed pictures every time you use your camera. It tells why you so often get poor pictures... and shows how you can avoid picture disappointments, due to incorrect exposure, simply by using the compact WESTON Exposure Meter. Every beginner or occasional photographer should have a copy. Send for yours today; or, have your dealer demonstrate the WESTON Meter. Weston Electrical Instrument Corporation, 630 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, N. J.

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INSURE PERFECT PICTURES WITH YOUR CAMERA

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Prevent Strained Bloodshot Eyes

Are You a Squinter?
Eyes Strained, Face Lined and
Wrinkled?... SOLAREX Sun
Glasses will Blockout 94% of
Sun's Irritating Infrared Rays



For Men, Women and Children 38c, 48c, 59c
Look for the SOLAREX Displays at Sun Glass Counters

SUPER SOLAREX

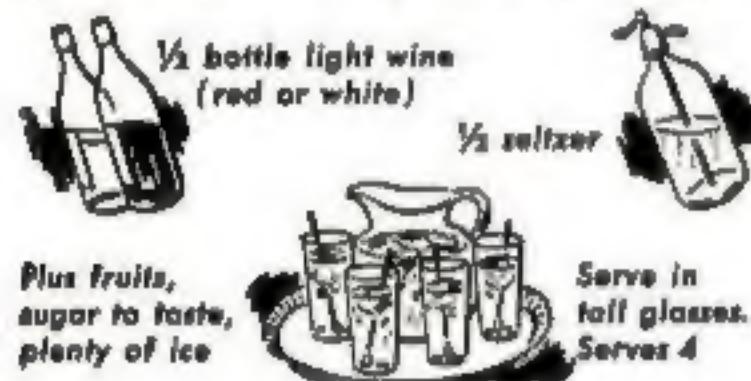
Perfect Ophthalmic Lenses,
Finest Quality Made
Retain Natural Outdoor
Colors \$1.75, \$2, \$2.25

BACHMANN BROS., INC., EST. 1833
1420 EAST ERIE AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA



Wine "Cooler" IS POPULAR DRINK THIS SUMMER

YOU REACH for it because it looks so icy-cool and pretty. You sip it with growing delight. So wonderfully good is this new wine cooler that smart hostesses everywhere are serving it this summer. It's popular because it's on the moderate side. Mixed in a minute. Why don't you serve a pitcherful next time guests drop in on you?

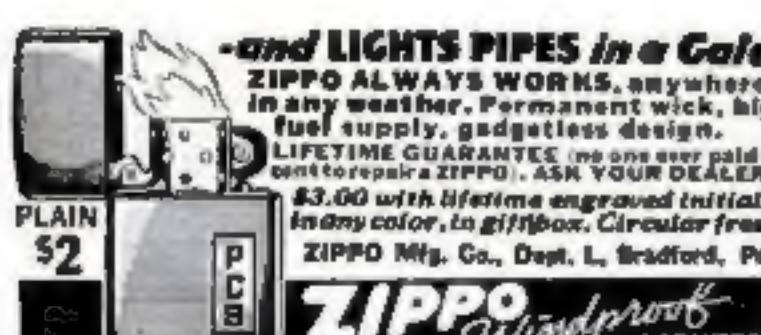


OTHER "COOLER" RECIPES FREE
at the store where you buy the
wines of California. California
wines are grown to strict
standards of quality. True to
type. Well developed. Inexpen-
sive. Wine Advisory Board, 85
Second Street, San Francisco



Now you can really SEE what you're getting!

No squinting at a tiny image, no guesswork, no doubt! You SEE your scene large and clear—and snap exactly what you want. You'll get a new thrill from this easy way of making grand pictures!



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

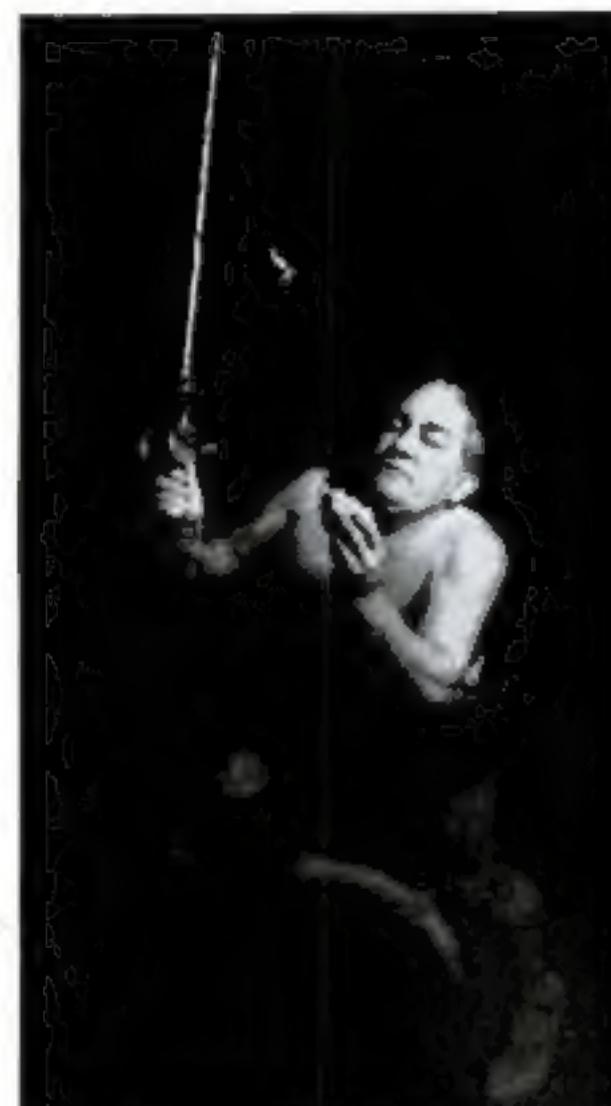
HUMAN CORK

Sir:

William Claybrook of Minneapolis is practically unsinkable. He has been this way ever since he was a small boy. Floating, without treading water, he can eat, sleep, shave and write letters. So far, medical men have not explained his strange buoyancy. Mr. Claybrook is 6 ft. 1 in., weighs nearly 200 lb. He breathes only half as much air as a normal person. Here are some pictures of him in his favorite element.

ANTHONY LANE

Minneapolis, Minn.



FLOATING, FISHING AND FEEDING



NECK WEIGHTS DON'T SINK HIM



CANVAS BELIES IN THE BREEZE



"CORK" CAN SLEEP COMFORTABLY

Travelight



makes sure you have all the beauty aids you need for your trip.



500

LUXURIA, Night Cream, Ayer-Beauty Foundation, Skin Lotion, Pink Clover Cologne, face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, comb, mirror. At the better stores everywhere.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • MONTREAL

We Heard 12 NURSES TALK!



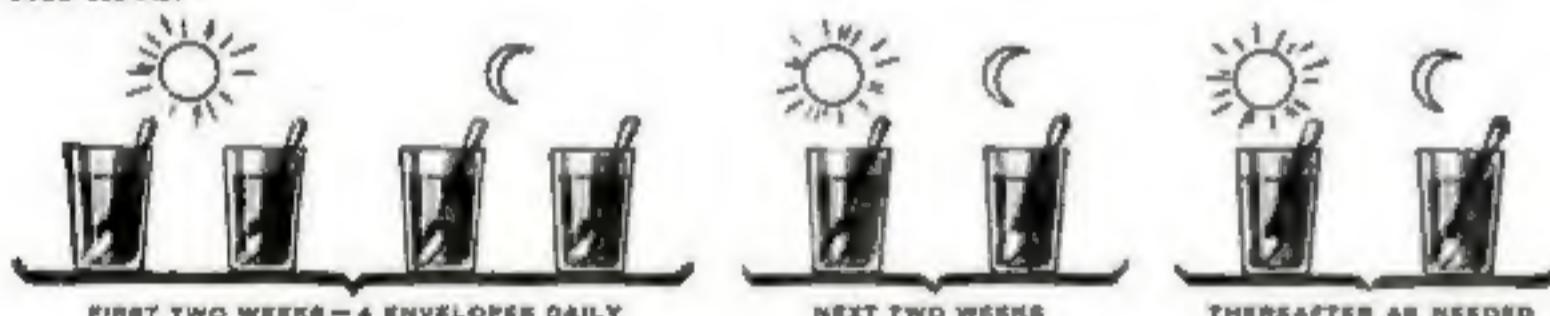
STARCH-CRISP, efficient...that's how you think of nurses. But lifting and bending over beds take heavy toll of energy and make nurses tired! To see if Knox Gelatine could reduce tiredness for them...12 nurses doing private practice, hospital and public work volunteered to drink Knox Gelatine for 28 days. Here's their report.*



9 SAY KNOX BENEFITS! 10 of the 12 nurses completed Knox 28-day test. Of these, 9 nurses said Knox increased their endurance. 4 nurses reported feeling *less tired* after drinking Knox regularly; 5 nurses were *far less tired*, thanks to the Knox routine! Checked 2 weeks later, 6 nurses were continuing to drink Knox for endurance.



9 OUT OF 10 men and women completing the Knox occupational group tests reported noticeable benefits from drinking Knox. People in 14 different occupations...business men, housewives, models, electricians, truck drivers, many types of workers...took the test. When they drank Knox for 28 days...9 out of 10 reported they were less tired!*



TIRED? DRINK KNOX! Try building up your endurance this simple way. *First* 2 weeks: drink 4 envelopes of Knox daily...two in morning, two at night. *Second* 2 weeks: drink 2 envelopes...one in morning, one at night. After that, drink as required.

THE SECRET is to drink Knox Gelatine *regularly*. And don't forget. Cost? Little more than a pack of cigarettes a day.

BE SURE to drink plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine (U.S.P.)...the same gelatine used for over 50 years for desserts and salads. Knox is the only gelatine used in these tests to prove increased endurance. Sealed in sanitary envelopes, protected until you use them.

BUT KNOX'S regular 4-envelope kitchen package, or the new money-saving 32-envelope package. At your grocer's. Or write Knox. Also send for Bulletin E, Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y., Dept. 71.

HOW TO DRINK KNOX: Empty 1 envelope (4 pkgs.) Knox Gelatine in glass & fill of water or of fruit juice, not iced. Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Stir briskly. Drink Knox immediately. If it thickens, stir it again.

*All tests conducted by a qualified research organization.

**BEAT TIREDNESS! DRINK
KNOX GELATINE**



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

MAGIC

Sirs:

Before sawing a woman in half, neophyte magicians usually find it less dangerous and far less gruesome to practice on the woman's arm. In this picture,

the magician has made a mistake, and a large portion of the arm has vanished completely. This is a small illusion developed by the largest magical-apparatus factory in the world.

KENNETH MURRAY

Colon, Mich.



FINGERS AND TOES

Sirs:

The other day Mrs. George Lilly brought her son Edward into my office to have him fingerprinted. Edward has six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot, all perfectly formed and each

having a separate joint. Edward's father is a schoolteacher, and they live in McClellandtown, Pa.

FORREST C. PARKS, SUPT.

Bureau of Identification
Fayette County Detectives Office
Uniontown, Pa.



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*Sea rescue
near
STROMBOLI*

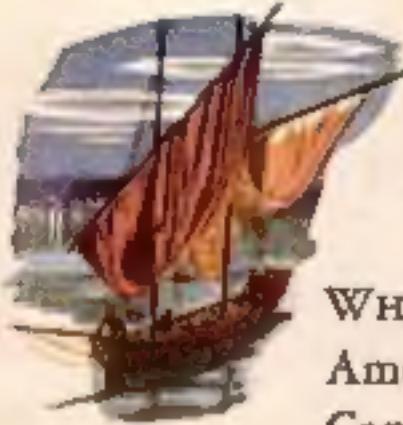
1. "Ever taste 'Frutti di Mare'—'Fruit of the Sea'?" an American asks. "It's the most delectable fish stew you ever tasted. The idea is, you go fishing the night before and whatever you catch in your net goes into the stew. Not wanting to miss any fun, my friend and I went along with the native fishermen. Before we left, Bill picked up a bottle of Canadian Club. We were just opposite Stromboli when the accident happened . . . the Canadian Club fell overboard!"



2. "I wasn't much upset by this, because I'd always favored Scotch, but Bill looked as though he'd lost his last friend! We overlooked it, however, in order to give a little amateur assistance to the fishermen. Suddenly one of them gave a shout. And to our profound amazement—there, in the middle of tomorrow's dinner, was the lost bottle of Canadian Club!"



3. "Bill said this was an omen to me to stop being stubborn and try his favorite whisky. And being cold—I tried it. I have two grand recollections of my trip to Italy—one, my first taste of 'Frutti di Mare'; the other—my first mellow taste of Canadian Club (now my favorite whisky, too!)"



CHANGE TODAY, AS THOUSANDS HAVE
Taste for yourself why more Americans drink
Canadian Club than any other Imported Whisky

WHY do twice as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did a few years ago? Why have they changed to this rare, imported whisky?

The answer is in Canadian Club's utterly distinctive flavor—its all-round agreeable nature—that surprises and delights all tastes. Men themselves say Canadian Club is "light as Scotch," "rich as rye," "satisfying as bou-

bon." Yet it has a delicious flavor all its own.

In Scotland, as in U.S.A., Canadian Club is the leading imported whisky. It is a favorite in 87 lands. Discover why, for yourself. Just try this unusual whisky in your usual drink, and taste the pleasing difference. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today! Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS
WHISKY-WISE
MEN ASK FOR

Canadian Club

6 YEARS OLD



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EXTRA SKILL AND EXTRA DARING MADE CLINTON FERGUSON AMERICA'S NO.1 OUTBOARD CHAMPION



BOMBSHELL! That's his name for it. A splinter of mahogany, a bit of fabric, varnish... why, it's nothing but a shell with a motor. But when Clinton Ferguson clamps down the throttle of that motor, you've got the fastest combination in outboating today. Speed? More than that. Speed *plus*—plus one man's uncanny ability to wheelie and squeeze just a few extra miles per hour out of four cylinders and a propeller. Yes, it's the *extras* that win—even in cigarettes.

LEAN, WIRY, 135 pounds of nerve and driving skill. Hunched in that tiny pit—one hand on the wheel, the other on the throttle—he roars across the surface in a frothing skid against time. Half in, half out of the water, Clinton Ferguson never lets up. Turns? He takes them wide open... throws himself around... with a daring equaled only by the extra skill of his steering hand. Boats, drivers—cigarettes—it's the *extras* that set them apart... like the extra mildness of Camels.

THE "EXTRAS" IN CAMELS MADE THEM HIS CIGARETTE



THOSE EXTRAS IN
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
SURE CLICK WITH ME

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



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GET THE "EXTRAS"
WITH SLOWER-BURNING
CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCO